Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Our Biggest Business—Crime

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LEST the reader doubt the truth of my title, considering it a mere catch phrase, let me at once offer corroboration. Such a shrewd social student as Governor Gardner of North Carolina backs me up; he used the phrase as recently as this summer in his address before the Governors' Conference. In addition I can offer facts and figures. And while it is not to be denied that some figures certainly lie, there is no reason to believe that these do. They come from unbiased, soberly judicial sources.

Crime is the nation's biggest business. George Gangster, Bill Bootlegger and Company, Unlimited, operate an industry whose annual return reaches a figure so much larger than that of any legitimate corporation in the country that a comparison would be farcical — if it didn't happen to be such a humiliating commentary upon the nation's social inefficiency.

I said I could offer figures in proof. Here are some. Two totals. One puts the yearly Crime Budget of these United (but on the showing not very orderly) States at a round thirteen billion dollars. The other, attempting greater precision, puts it at $11,800,000,000.

THE first is the estimate of Wade H. Ellis, formerly an Assistant United States Attorney-General, and is based upon the findings of the American Bar Association's Crime Commission of which Mr. Ellis was a member. The second is the estimate of *The Manufacturers' Record*.

Both totals are convincingly recent, as of the year 1928, and while it is my measured judgment that the first is more nearly correct it doesn't really matter which we accept. Either finds itself safely in the lead when compared with the $5,000,000,000 value of the annual output of the motor industry, the nation's largest legitimate business. Either takes on a dominant size

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when set alongside the $5,129,000,000 which represents the value of the nation's annual exports; or alongside the four and a half billion dollars which represents the annual budget of the Federal Government, the largest governmental budget in the world, but no more than a famine ration for the nation's criminals.

And while it may be that either represents a total so large as to be all but meaningless, do not overlook that there is a meaning of the most direct importance to the pocket book no less than the social peace of every citizen in the United States. For although you may never have had the misfortune to do business with George Gangster *et al.*, may never have been the victim of a robber, a burglar, a bucket-shop shark, a confidence man, a pickpocket, you help to support the outrageously costly criminal population of the nation. You and I and all of us pay some portion of that annual, illegal twelve or thirteen billion dollars.

We pay it in actual dollars and cents in increased taxes and public expenses. For the maintenance of the machinery which organized government has built to resist and (how ineffectually) control crime represents a colossal entry on the debit side of the country's ledger. In addition we pay in such intangible items as retarded social and economic progress; and in the loss of the potentially useful services of imprisoned convicts no less than their guards, a wastage of men greater than that entailed in our wars and beyond all calculation in money values.

The inescapable truth is that the annual toll of the country's criminals, of whom 400,000 are in cells and a million are at liberty, is the most disturbing feature of our social order, the gravest problem confronting America.

Parenthetically, the enormous size of this criminal force, employees of our biggest business, holds a large significance, too. Taking it into consideration one grasps more readily the accuracy of that other figure of $13,000,000,000. One finds it easy to see more than optimism in the recent opinion of a newspaper editorial writer that if all our crime costs could be wiped out for eighteen months and the money applied to our national debt that also could be wiped out — although the efforts of one of the most capable Secretaries of the Treasury that we ever have had have resulted, after almost ten years, only in a reduction of the debt from $25,482,034,419 to $17,604,290,563.

But beside the toll America pays to crime in cash, consider for a moment her loss in the more precious currency of human lives. Consider that last year 12,000 citizens were killed by criminals. That is five times as many as we lost in battle in the Spanish-American War. It is a full fourth of all our battle losses in the World War. Consider that someone is killed by a criminal in this country every forty-five minutes and that in addition at least five are seriously injured, permanently in many instances.

With such statistics before us am I wrong when I say that crime spells Big Business — the nation's very

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biggest business? In truth it is more than the nation's biggest, it is the biggest in the world.

What are we going to do about it? How are we going to achieve those changes which we must have to secure a proper peace? How are we going to solve this most baffling riddle of our time? There are many answers to that question.

SOME people say we must have more policemen, although already we have 300,000 policemen, detectives, sergeants and State constabulary enrolled to guard us against the criminal workers. And we do need more police. Our needs in this regard are far different from what they once were — for example in old Dutch New York, when a "Rattle Watch" of six men patrolling the town to warn against night fires and violence gave adequate protection.

It is humanly impossible for the police of today to do adequately the work required of them. Police departments in every American city are under-manned, far below the standards prevailing in other nations of the modern Western world; indeed far below the standards which prevailed in ancient civilized centres with which we like to compare our own civilization. Imperial Rome, with only about a million inhabitants, had a force of 7,000 policemen. Athens, much smaller, had 4,000 Scythian slaves to do police work. Proportionately New York City of today should have 42,000 policemen instead of the actual 18,000 entrusted with the guardianship of its citizens.

We need more policemen, certainly. And in addition the policeman needs a better chance to do his work.

As far back as records go politics have exercised a blighting influence, corrupting, thwarting police administrations throughout the country. Just why the citizens permit their police departments to be eternally the football of politics is a riddle almost as baffling as the crime problem with which it is so inextricably mingled. No other branch of Government exercises such influence upon public life. The policeman is the natural protector of the citizen, and the guide and friend of the ignorant and alien. And until he is freed of corrupt influence crime will remain the nation's biggest business.

As matters now stand the cautious observer is unwilling to say more than that the forces of law and order are holding that business to its present proportions. And they may not be able to do as well in the near future. The present situation, while it challenges the thoughtful consideration of all who seek the good of the State and the larger good of mankind, must be considered better than that which soon may be at hand.

THIS country has been riding high on a wave of prosperity for many years. There has been, in consequence, a minimum of unemployment, of poverty, of all the conditions which breed criminals. Despite this our criminal courts are congested and the numbers of evil-doers increase. We may well consider what may happen if a period of economic depression sets in. Present conditions, disquieting though they are, might be accentuated into a

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veritable reign of anarchy and bloodshed.

Our greatest hope of security from such a catastrophe lies in more police and freer police. But we need more than these if we are to curb criminal Big Business. We need to modernize our whole view of the problem, for we are dealing with the most modern of business men. The days of the simple highwayman and desperado have long since gone into the discard. Jesse James is a far back number. The criminal of today takes full advantage of every discovery and invention of his time no less than any other industrial operative in this fiercely competitive age. And if we are to meet him and beat him we must do likewise.

For example, we must throw over the fallacious theory that the majority of our crimes are perpetrated by the so-called foreign element. If we continue to look for most of our criminal offenders among the newly arrived aliens many of the biggest culprits will continue their nefarious businesses unmolested.

FREDERICK L. HOFFMAN of the Babson Institute, an authority on criminal statistics, recently published some figures which bear out this statement. His records show that in those cities leading in one of the major products of the crime industry, homicides, the native born are vastly in the majority, constituting in some cases 90 per cent of the population. Memphis leads with 60.5 homicides for every 100,000 population. Birmingham and Jacksonville follow with 54 and 52.6 respectively; while New York City, with probably 60 per cent of its population either foreign born or the immediate offspring of foreign born parents, has only 6.7 homicides per 100,000; and Cleveland, possessing a large foreign born population, is only a little worse off with an average of 8.8.

THE truth is that the foreign element is just about as law-abiding as those citizens whose families have been in America for generations. No single element of our heterogeneous population contributes the bulk of our criminals. They may be from any walk of life — captains of industry, children of the aristocracy, men and women in public office. In short, they may be, if the records mean anything, as often from the best blood of the nation as from the lowest social stratum. And the sooner we rid our minds of the contrary view the sooner we shall be able to cope with the big business of crime.

After we have accepted and acted upon this fact it might be well for us to consider the conglomeration of laws which is almost as often a help as a hindrance to the criminal industry.

Thirty-five hundred years or so ago the first Police Commissioner came down the side of a mountain bearing tables which held the unchanging and unchangeable, the immutable, the eternal laws of God. And those laws still endure — the Rock of Ages upon which rest the ideals of our Western civilization. All the other laws we have, the 89,000 or more which stand upon our statute books, do not go a word beyond those original ten. Indeed, more likely they merely confuse them.

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To my mind the existence of nearly one hundred thousand laws governing human conduct is in itself a crime. Mohammed burned the whole magnificent Alexandrian Library because those books in it which did not agree with the Koran were heretical and those which did agree were unnecessary. How our concepts of modern crime would be clarified if some similar conqueror were to burn away the absurd growth of statutes which has sprung up around the Decalogue and the Golden Rule.

If this were to happen, or at least if we might reduce the present confusion, and if immediately thereafter we set out to gain a real understanding of the causes of crime, we might, with our larger and freer police force, hope to bring the nation's biggest business within more easily controlled proportions.

LEADING among the causes of crime upon which we should seek enlightenment is that factor which is making criminals of younger and younger men. When I entered the police service thirty-five years ago about 65 per cent of the most dangerous criminals were over thirty years of age. Today 65 per cent are under twenty-five. And this does not include thousands of dangerous malefactors of juvenile age. The amazing increase in crime perpetrated by the youth of the country is one of the most disturbing elements in the entire problem. The underlying cause of this must be diagnosed and intelligently treated if we are to curb the evil.

Certainly, too, the undesired growth of the biggest business in America would not be helped if we were to organize a National Police Bureau of wide scope and authority for the collection of criminal records. Such a national clearing house, whose data should be available to every law enforcement agency in the country, is greatly needed. And, to go back for a moment to the question of laws, one of the services of such a bureau should be the recommendation to the various Legislatures of steps aimed to standardize criminal statutes the country over. In addition, of course, it should supervise a finger print system. There is much mistakened protest against fingerprinting honest men. But the law-abiding citizen has nothing to fear from such a procedure, while the criminal has much.

A NATIONAL POLICE BUREAU would cost no more than a quarter of a million dollars to set up, no more than a half million dollars a year to operate during the first ten years. We spend far more than that to collect weather data for airplane transportation. And in behalf of agriculture, an industry which more nearly parallels in magnitude the crime business, we spend unlimited sums from which we get far smaller returns than we could expect from a police bureau.

In addition, the police departments of the various States and cities should be brought under Federal control. There is no reason why such an important service should not be so standardized. It is what is being done in most of the important nations of the world. In my opinion the fact that the British service is semi-national is one substantial reason

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why crime conditions in the British Isles compare so favorably with those in the United States.

Congress, further, should enact a law regulating the manufacture, sale and distribution of pistols. It is stated with good authority that the pistol plays a part in 85 per cent of our murders, robberies, burglaries and other serious felonies. We need a good Federal law to control the use of firearms, for although some States have such laws, others haven't and from these last a criminal may now obtain a weapon by mail at no risk whatever.

THE judicial procedure of the nation also demands reform. Our court machinery is cumbersome beyond description. A high justice of New York City recently said that a criminal in his city has forty-one chances to evade capture and punishment against one of conviction. Former State's Attorney James J. Healy of Chicago, analyzing records of that city, found that in a single year, out of 13,117 felony prosecutions only 492 were carried through to a complete jury trial, and only 184 convictions were obtained. We shall find it difficult to convince the proprietors of America's Biggest Business that our opposition to their industry is serious so long as such records continue to be made.

For my own part (and I take a personal responsibility here because I know many disagree with me) I should like also to see the convicted criminal forced to pay not merely a part, but all of his debt to society, and in addition to his victim as well. I mean to say that the criminal should be made to suffer in his pocketbook as well as otherwise.

At present, as is well known, the criminal pays neither the money loss which his victim so often suffers nor any of the costs of law enforcement of which he is the cause. It is, on the contrary, the victim who is penalized. Why should not the total loss of the victim be honestly estimated and assessed against the criminal together with a reasonable portion of the costs of conviction? This total having been arrived at, the criminal should be put to work at a fair wage. His accumulated earnings could then be turned over first to his victim and then to the State. When he had compensated both in full he could be released.

SUCH a programme would teach more respect, or wholesome fear, of law than any now in force. Nor do I believe it would brutalize the criminal as much as methods now used. For he could all along tell himself that he was truly balancing his books, and that when the prison gates swung open he would have the right to re-enter society as a fully paid up member.

Such proposals as these are, of course, difficult to put into practice, but they are not impossible. Nothing is needed save a reasonable amount of intelligent thought. We can be thankful that some, at least, are putting forth that thought: The recently active Illinois Crime Commission, the newly named twelve specialists who will conduct a nation-wide crime survey for Columbia University, and more important than either of these President Hoover's Crime Commission. I say

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more important, for local efforts will never bring the business of crime under control. It is imperative that we call forth all the nation's vast energies. Like the World War, America's Biggest War — the continual war with the underworld — puts upon the country a burden which can be lifted only by the nation's united effort.

As to what the individual citizen can do, President Hoover made that plain just a little while ago when he saw fit to devote the whole of one of his rare public speeches to the subject of law enforcement. What he said made it plain that he rests under no misapprehension as to the evil influence of the vast crime industry.

"Let reverence for law be . . . taught in the schools . . . preached from the pulpits . . . proclaimed in Legislative halls. Let it become the political religion of the nation," he said.

If every citizen were to act upon this admonition, we should shortly cease to note, in our newspapers, the daily reports of crime's prosperity which now fill our eyes — $30,000 payroll robbery; $60,000 jewelry theft; $90,000 stolen from financier's home; $200,000 in securities snatched from messenger; $1,240,000 booty of mail bandits. America's Biggest Business would soon cease to menace our social and economic peace.

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Richardson, General Server

By Stella G. S. Perry

A poignant sketch of a type that is passing

His intonations and his drawl were characteristically Negro; but his diction was good in the main and his pronunciation fair. His face was the color of old oak with a *patina*, but his features were delicately turned and his nose was aquiline. He was tall and thin and, when my memory of him begins, which was early in childhood, already grizzled. He said he had "lost his voice in the war", but his very low tones were not whispers and could be followed without strain.

He described himself, "I'm a carpenter by trade, and a general server by profession."

That about explains his position in our family. He did not live on the place, nor come every day, as other servants did. He was "off on carpentering jobs" whenever he could get any to do. All the rest of the time, which was most of the time, he appeared at our house at whatever hour of the day suited him and did whatever there was to do, whether it was going to school with the rubbers and "gossamers" for the children when the sudden Louisiana showers came, or cleaning out the cistern when the water "went bad", or serving as bank messenger with our money. He was trusted completely and deserved to be.

I don't know on what terms he was paid, but "Richardson's wages" was always an item on the family budget and he felt, and was, always quite free to go into kitchen, refrigerator, pantry or garden and take away without express permission whatever he needed. This privilege was never abused.

Richardson's presence accompanies all the records, all the memories of our childhood.

When I was born, in the little house back of the big magnolia, his wife Célèste — our cook, a rotund, kind, capable and unmoral mulatto — made him get the step-ladder and take it upstairs and put it outside of my mother's door on the upper floor of the two-story house.

"Now, you jess watch dat do'," she commanded him, "an' if de white folks start to take dat chile downstairs, don't you let 'em. You take her right plum' outen dey hands an' carry her up dat step-ladder."

Célèste's theory was that if a new babe were brought down the stairs before going up, descent in life would follow; but if the child were first

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taken *up* stairs, its chances of "going up in de worl'" were good.

So my first journey from my natal chamber was up the step-ladder in Richardson's careful arms. I know his earnest prayers for the success of this white magic went with me; and in them at least I have always believed.

MY EARLIEST actual memory of him concerns the ruby-red magnolia seeds. He used to make my initials with them on the stones of the garden path; first mine and then his own.

"Dat baby's too young to learn her ABC's," Célèste would call out. "You'll wore out her mind. Ain't you got no sense? Teachin' a small li'l baby her ABC's!"

"No, ma'am. I'm not *teachin'* her at all," Richardson would say in his low drawl. "We're just *playin'* letters. Ain't that so, missy?" He was something of a modern educator.

He himself knew only print letters, or very little script, I think. For in later years, I know, when I was eight or nine and could write, he used to ask me to write to this Senator or that, or to some other notable at Washington, about his pension.

I used to kneel on my little sister's semi-high chair and write on the shelf-table in the butler's pantry. Every Saturday — or so it seems to me; it may not have been so often — Richardson and I used to write to Washington and petition someone to busy himself about getting him that pension.

We'd begin by telling how Richardson had served in the Northern army. I was secretly ashamed of this. But I supposed that Richardson could not help it; he was just an ignorant colored boy at the time, I told myself, and knew no better; they'd probably taught him that the war was fought to free the slaves. I myself had been carefully instructed that State sovereignty was the issue. So I tried not to let him see how I regretted it. We'd explain in our letter how he had "caught the misery" from exposure and had had rheumatism — from which, ever since, he often suffered tortures — and how a bullet had given him a limp, scarcely perceptible; and how he had "lost his voice from dampness."

I wonder where those letters went. I never saw any answers to them. But Richardson did somehow get his pension at long last.

HE LOVED my brilliant young father, as, indeed, everyone did, and when he saw that the Shadow had fallen upon him, served him with a tenderness that even a little child appreciated. And when the tragedy fell upon my childhood and the loss of my adored companion and father cut more deeply and more lastingly than most adults could understand, I often had a comforting cry in Richardson's arms, in the woodshed, behind the barrel of sweet potatoes. I can see the tears on his thin cheeks now.

Even before that, when things were well with us and our father still more or less robust, and we lived in the big house with the arbors, Richardson knew how to comfort childish griefs.

It was he who restored my self-respect after my shameful revenge upon Lewis and his celery.

Lewis was a merry coal-black man,

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with perfect snow-white teeth and an entrancing smile. He was a fine butler and yardman and was married to Célèste's successor in the kitchen, our superb cook, the handsome, imperious, vociferous Emily.

Célèste, by the way, had "done quit" both Richardson and us by that time and kept a little restaurant with a new "husband" and a smart parrot in Gretna, "crost de ribber," where Richardson, quite in the modern manner, sometimes took my little sister and me on friendly visits.

This Lewis was loyal and good, but an incorrigible tease, and I, a sensitive child, was a constant temptation to him. I loved Lewis and found life more interesting because of him; but sometimes Richardson had to be mediator between us.

He was too late, though, in the matter of the sheep and celery.

THE sheep, Victoria, came as a consolation prize when they had taken the dog, Prince, away. That gorgeous Newfoundland was too affectionate for the safety of very small girls. He had a habit of leaping fondly upon us, with his front paws on our shoulders; and over we'd go backward, usually on the lawn or on the earth path in the grape arbor, but once or twice on the paved walk with disastrous results. My mother became alarmed and Prince was deported. We've never quite gotten over his going. It was then that somebody, to console me, gave me a lamb as a safe pet. And, even when my lamb became a very big sheep, I yielded no jot to the famous *Mary* in loving him so.

Lewis often teased me with the suggestion that that "big nuisance beast" ought by rights to be turned into good mutton, with the report that the gardener had said he'd surely kill Victoria if she ever got again into the star-shaped bed of pansies, and with Lewis's own threat, "Jess lemme see her one time in my celery! Jess one time! It'll be good-bye sheep and never mo' return."

LEWIS'S celery beds were the joy of his heart. They ran one on each side of the gravel road that led beside the house back to the stable. Lewis had planted them himself, banked and tended them, wouldn't let even the gardener touch them, and was inordinately proud of the health and flavor of his product.

"Yes, ma'am! If ever I see dat sheep so much as nibble a nubble, she'll have some celery sure 'nough—but it'll be in her *gravy*."

Well, one day the sheep died. I was told later — it sounds incredible — that she was accidently poisoned by some red stable-door-lining paint's having got mixed with her food. Victoria was dead. I was heartbroken. And Lewis, with very little imagination, told me that the sheep had eaten celery and been executed by him as threatened.

Of course, it was not true; but I believed it, and in a white rage I went my devastating way down that gravel drive like a little fury, yanking up celery with both small hands until the ground was strewn with wreckage.

But all the anger and revenge turned to shame and sorrow when Lewis wept and to remorse when I found that he had been "only fooling" about the sheep.

Richardson found us — husky, black Lewis and little skinny, big-

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eyed me — sitting side by side on the kitchen step, both crying bitterly.

He sat between us and did not laugh then, though many a laugh we had over it in later years, and talked to us both.

He told Lewis how "fun ain't fun when it hurts somebody. And it wasn't li'l missy destroyed your celery; 'twas your bad onconsiderate joke that went boomerang on you, to teach you what you needed to learn." And he told me that he was glad I'd found out so young and so sharp I'd never forget it — and I never did — that "there isn't any possible way of gettin' any good out o' gettin' even with folks. You can get over what *they* do to *you*, if you try; but it's much hurtinger and harder to get over the hatefulness *you* do to *them;* and that's what's making you feel so bad right now."

THEN he turned to consolation and told us he'd get some much better celery for Lewis to plant, that he knew where to get it; and he would help Lewis to plant it and that I must help, too. And he made Lewis and me shake hands and, best of all, took me aside and said, "It was only because you was so *little*, honey, and hadn't learned yet how to stop and think when you're mad and sorry; but from this here time on you know how, like a big girl, and you'll stop and think every time. Richardson knows you will. So you forget all 'bout it and run play. And I'll fix it up with the grown folks and they won't say not a word to you."

I have said he could qualify as a modern educator; at least he had ways of pointing a moral that have now the stamp of expert approval. For instance, when I was over-sensitive, as I was inclined to be, "Hurt feeling again, child? Tss! Tss! Didn't you never see those touch-me-not plants that grow along the top of the levee and curl up and shut themselves whenever anybody or anything touches 'em? H'm, *umm!* Seems to me like they miss a lot o' sunshine and good times and what the world's doing, shutting up their eyes in the daytime like that — just 'cause something hit 'em a li'l bit; maybe without meanin' to, at that."

HIS stories were wonderful. He was a born *raconteur* and could hold us enchanted, with variants of the tales you know from *Uncle Remus* and with many, many others of his own.

"Shall it be about animal folks or person folks?" he'd offer us. But there was small choice as far as realism was concerned, for his animal folks were as much like persons as his humans were.

He knew the clever narrator's trick of changing the tales from airy nothings into reality by giving everything a local habitation and a name. He did not say, "Brother Rabbit went into a flower garden," but "Brother Rabbit went into Mr. Whitney's flower garden over yonder on St. Charles Avenue." And when Brother Fox, after justly severe punishment, had to go to the doctor, he'd say, "And it wasn't *your* Dr. Holcombe that gives you out li'l sugar pills and sweet powders and kisses. Um, *mm!* No; 'twasn't no homopat' like that. 'Twas that doctor I went to that time up by Carrollton Avenue that could win the prize for makin' up the nastiest medicines they is."

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When we were rather older, back in another small house then, it was part of our daily duty to clean and feed the birds. The servants took care of the parrots; our clients were two clever canaries and several Java sparrows, white and gray, with heavy pink bills. They all bore the names or the initials of the donors and we had been led to feel that we showed disrespect to these generous friends if the cages were not spotless.

Good old Richardson pretended that he liked this task, which was not popular with us; and when we were late with it on a school morning or eager to be at play on a holiday, he'd ask us, as if it were a favor to him, please to let him do it for us. His eyes would twinkle. We knew it was a game and he knew we knew it. But we all kept up the pretending. I'm afraid that we sometimes took the initiative: "Richardson, would you like to clean the birds this morning?" "Oh! Can I? I surely would just crave to."

I DON'T know where he got the big paper-shell pecans he used to bring to us; I only know I've never seen their like, even in Louisiana. They had scarcely any wooden barriers, that only drawback to the best of nuts, and when he cracked them for us they came out in unbroken halves. "Easy now!" he'd say. "Your insides ain't in a bit of hurry for those nuts. And the slower you chew 'em the longer you've got 'em."

He'd go to the river when the big fruit steamers came in from the Indies and the South and bring back cocoanuts and great bunches of bananas. He made a pulley for these and hung up the huge bunches to ripen more fully, on the downstairs back "gallery." Whenever we wanted a banana, we'd let the bunch down and pluck one.

He always understood us; I never knew anyone with swifter or more kindly intuitions. When I was old enough to be self-conscious about it I had hesitated at sharing with Richardson, as I shared other enthusiasms, my hero worship of General Beauregard. Because Richardson had fought in the Northern army.

I HAD met General Beauregard in the corridor of an old-fashioned hotel in New York, then frequented by New Orleans people, when I was about ten years old. I had been sitting in a window seat reading a very large storybook which kept falling to the floor and embarrassing me. Many adults had laughed and one had even asked offensively what the big book was doing with the small girl. But General Beauregard had treated me as a young lady, hurrying towards me with that matchless carriage of his, "Allow me, miss!" and "May I have the pleasure of sitting here beside you and helping you to hold it?" We became instant friends and when I returned home I just had to tell everyone about him.

I yearned to speak of him to Richardson. But that pension matter and the Northern army deterred me until, one day, Richardson said, "Funny thing, missy, about being a Southerner born. Nothin' can't ever make you get over it. Look at me, now. I tried to be a Yankee. And, during the war I was a good Yankee, to be sure. But now I'm — like they say — tho'oughly reconstructed Southern."

So I told him about my General

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and found, to my delight, that Richardson knew him. "Old gentleman like he is, he come right out in the yard whar I was workin' and showed me how to put a nice round dome on the chicken house. And can't he stand and step! Yes, missy; he certainly is a *complete* gentleman," Richardson appraised him; and *complete gentleman* was the inevitable description of Beauregard.

TELLING of a big book reminds me of how Richardson used to lift the huge illustrated Shakespeares from their shelves and spread them on the rug before the coal fire in winter, or on the big couch in the bay window behind the wistaria vine in warmer weather, so that I could lie flat propped on my elbows and read them. We began this when I was still too small even to move the books about. "But you read 'em now," he advised me. "Your father could say 'em all by heart — your mother will tell you so — and if he was here — I mean if he was here so we could *see* him; 'cause he is here, just the same — he'd be sayin' those books out to you. So, small as you is, if you want to read 'em, you read 'em." I needed no urging and when I told the stories, doubtless in sadly garbled form, or read alluring lines to Richardson, I know he thought we had a listener.

We essayed the big Dante's *Inferno*, too, but the Doré pictures frightened both of us off. We delighted in an illustrated *Masterpieces of Art* and in *World-Renowned Women*, with steel engravings, a collection including some ladies whose records fortunately went harmlessly over both our heads.

When I came to Dickens days which was early, I fear that many chances to do carpentering went by the board.

"Poor li'l man!" he always said of David Copperfield. "He was brave, but too gentle for his good."

"Once he *bit!*" I defended him against the charge of effeminacy.

"Un-hum. And *then* what?"

"What could he do, Richardson? Just a little boy?"

"Shrieked and hollered and yelled for the neighbors. Must o' been somebody around would tuk up for him."

It was very real to us.

What carpentering Richardson did was always well done, even the least important things.

"No wonder you's slow!" Emily would scold. He was indeed slow, and I know now that he was not well and was getting old. "No wonder you's slower den cold molasses. Takin' as much time an' trouble over dat old bench fo' de coke furnace to stand on as if it was somethin' special. You ain't got no discretion, nigger."

"Well, you see, Emily," Richardson would defend himself amiably, "somehow I like things to be just right."

THE first glimpse I had of him as of someone growing feeble was in that emotional moment of parting, when I went North to college. I had bidden him take good care of my mother and sister and of everything while I was gone.

"Well, missy," said he in his gentle way. "Haven't I *been* taking care of all of you ever since your father left us here together? A long time, now. Long time. Richardson's gettin'

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an old, old man, lady-child. But the old man'll try to hang on till you're through your learnin' and able to take care o' things without him."

"Why, Richardson!" I began, but I saw with a pang what he meant.

I thought of it often when I was away and I was conscious of relief when I saw him apparently well on my return home for my first long vacation.

It was in my sophomore year that he died.

He had come to our house one evening when my mother was out and had waited long for her. He said he felt he *had* to see her that night. But, of course, she did not know he was waiting; and when the cook grew sleepy and wanted to put out the lights and go to bed Richardson said he'd go home and *try* to come again in the morning. The cook noticed that he seemed frail and weak, but saw nothing more alarming.

Before morning he had died in his sleep.

They did not write to me about it. And when, missing his welcome that summer, I asked for him and had to be told, it was in the midst of merry-making — family and kind friends celebrating my return, baskets of pink crêpe-myrtle to greet me, everything gay, a festive occasion — I had to take it calmly.

But late that starry summer night, while everyone slept, I slipped my kimono over my night dress, and stole softly down the back out-door stairway and across the yard to the woodshed. And there I sat behind the barrel of sweet potatoes and thought of Richardson.

I remembered how he had described himself, "A carpenter by trade and a general server by profession," and I knew that in both capacities, Richardson had successfully followed a great example.

The Temple

By Evelyn Haven Coulter

Out of the whirling waters and God,
A clod;
Out of the clod and God,
Man —
Frail caryatid sprung from the sod,
Measuring the span
Back up to God.

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The War Against War

By General James G. Harbord

President of the Radio Corporation; formerly Chief of Staff of the A.E.F. in France

While statesmen strive anew for world peace by pact and conference, science is lending practical aid by breaking down national barriers and jealousies

The Western World is clinging to its hope of peace with a tenacity which would have been laughed at before 1914. But the memory of that sacrificial host of eight and a half millions of men who died then and in the years that followed, is one which even in our land of brief regrets has survived the resistless hand of Time. In spite of reverses which all thinking men admit, and malign forces which all observing men recognize, the war against war appears to be gaining ground. The forces of Peace are moving against the works of War.

The dream of permanent peace has attracted mankind in all ages. Homer sang of it; Christ preached it; women of all time have prayed for it. But in no previous century has so much thought and effort, or so many spoken and written words, been devoted to the problem of abolishing war, as in the decade just ended.

Waves of pacifism have always followed war, even righteous wars. Those loudest for peace have not always been most willing to fight for it during war, but the present movement has enough support from those who responded when their country needed them, to command the respect of all those to whom patriotism and love of country are still the highest duty of citizenship. Results are becoming apparent. At the very least the world is becoming accustomed to the thought and language of permanent peace. There remain now but a few who question the sincerity of those to whom "the war to end war" was a slogan which helped millions to carry on to the end. True enough, war was not ended by the World War. We cannot ever abolish the institution of war. But we may, perhaps, limit it to righteous war, and even the likelihood of that can be enormously lessened by the deliberate international coöperation which we may count as one of the major results of the World War.

Professor Gilbert Murray, in *The Ordeal of This Generation*, remarks that, "Whereas formerly the Foreign Secretaries of the Great Powers never saw each other from the cradle to the grave . . . now they meet intimately in private and public about every three months and discuss

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the smallest clouds on the horizon like friends." A man need not be a super-optimist to recognize this changing relationship of the world's leaders as a thing of solid promise. Nor is it any less truly so because at times, as in the recent Hague Conference of the Allied Nations, the old passions flame up, and irritating and uncompromising utterances seem for the moment to indicate the contrary. Fundamentally the evidence is unmistakable that the leaders of our modern world are moved by the same desire for peace which so strongly motivates most of the rank and file.

BEFORE the war it was quite the tacitly accepted function of diplomacy to work in devious ways for the aggrandizement of one nation at the expense of another. Now — as witness General Dawes in London — it is the effort of diplomacy to work in open and straightforward ways for the mutual conciliation of national aims. And behind this change of diplomatic method lies a constantly growing demand of the people in all lands for an assured state of world peace. We read the evidence of this demand every day in every paper. Such constantly occurring expressions of important groups of individuals are exemplified by the recent resolution of the International Advertising Congress pledging its support to "all movements working to attain those objects (peace), thereby helping toward better understanding and closer relationship between the nations of the world."

All these tentative strivings toward international accord trace back to the terrific impact of the World War upon the conscience of civilized men. That was a blow which brought the nations up standing and faced them in a new direction. And moving in the new direction they have made coöperative effort, or reasonable compromise, the order of the day.

Whether or not this order continues in force need not, however, depend alone upon the surviving memory of the last world conflict. A new factor is becoming every day more important. The all but incredible technical development over the past decade of methods of swift, world-wide communication should facilitate the movement toward peace. Properly used the new agencies of communication may make out of the imperfect present a future vastly better. And of all the methods of communication which should help to this culmination, the newest promises to be the most potent.

RADIO represents a force of incalculable value upon the side of those who are seeking world peace. True, it undoubtedly represents also in some ways a growing problem to the Powers; already there is rivalry between them for leadership in world communication. But while it may bring its own problems, radio brings also new promise. For the hitherto hindered and inarticulate small nations it may become an open door on to the world stage. No invention since printing holds out brighter hopes for mankind of every color and creed the world over than does radio with its allied potentialities in telephoto transmission and television.

Truth must be the rock upon which international accord is built, and more than any agency which

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brings men's minds together the radio is a guarantor of truth. For, as Professor William Bennett Munro says in *The Government of American Cities*, "Here is a channel of propaganda that cannot be easily controlled by any single interest or by the promotors of any single cause."

THE peril of nations in all epochs has been the demagogue. The multitude always listens to the strong-willed man who knows how to impose himself upon it. Men in the mass lose individual will and instinctively follow one who possesses the quality they lack. One of the major virtues of radio lies in this: that though a single leader may address millions (President Hoover doubtless will speak to more than one audience of fifty million before his term expires) the old, often harmful contagion of the mob is gone. The magnetism of the spellbinder does not reach beyond the microphone. His purple periods emerge colorless except for the color of truth. His flashing eye can exert none of its old hypnotic power. We sit at home and amid accustomed surroundings weigh his words temperately. We come to know our man as we never knew him when we were one of an excited crowd. The very tones of his voice, over the radio, proclaim his hypocrisy or his sincerity.

It may well be that the greatest of all the contributions of science to mankind is that of radio which enables the average man to achieve that detachment which is necessary if he is properly to measure the righteousness of the honest leader, the unrighteousness of the demagogue.

"Radio," says Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League of Nations, "and the League are both in their youth. They are growing on somewhat the same lines. Assuredly their fruitful coöperation will make for the peace of the world."

"By means of radio," he goes on, "information can be put on the air in London, received in New York, and re-transmitted to London in the space of a few seconds. It is not easy, even for those who serve the cause of peace, to realize the enormous new force which now makes for that better understanding between peoples upon which peace must ultimately depend. Before it, distances and time almost cease to have importance. People hear each other and know each other."

I CANNOT go all the way with the League's Secretary-General. Distances and time still have a great importance. Indeed, they constitute the two greatest barriers to that understanding upon which Sir Eric rightly puts such a high value. Time in particular! While one half of the world is engaged in its vital activities the other half is asleep, and in consequence all too often misses first hand knowledge of what has taken place.

For example, any programme broadcast from our Atlantic Coast after seven o'clock in the evening (and the most important programmes are given then or later) can hardly find an attentive ear in the British Isles. Seven o'clock in New York means midnight and sleep on the other side of the Atlantic. Again, radio transmission and reception of oral programmes is still hampered by great distances; and the barrier of

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different languages must be taken into account. We are considering, however, not only the accomplished fact, but the inherent promise. We must not forget that the nations' confusion of tongues has in itself been one of the sources of international division; and since the most appealing of broadcast entertainment is in English, there should be in future days a stronger incentive for other peoples to master English as a second tongue. People distrust what they do not understand; let them develop a common medium of communication and still another cause of international mistrust will fall by the wayside of human progress.

CERTAINLY then, this much can be accepted: more and more the people of one nation will come to know the people of other nations, thanks in part to the future progress of radio communication. And in knowledge lies sympathy and understanding. There have already been marked advances of this kind. I listened to President Coolidge's address on February 22, 1927, in a London hotel. At the time I was impressed by the indifference of the Englishmen about me. They were interested in the fact of the address, not in what it contained. I very much doubt if such indifference would be as marked today. It was less in the case of President Hoover's pre-election radio addresses. I believe it will be still less noticeable in 1932.

So, while national representatives are conferring more and more frequently, the individual citizens of their respective nations are more and more inclined to establish those common contacts of education, amusement and news which radio is making possible. The result which we may reasonably hope for is that result which newspapers, motion pictures, motor cars and increasing travel have already promoted to a large extent — the spread of a more universal culture.

IT IS obvious that in this new world of ours we are witnessing the breakdown of isolated and self-sufficient national cultures. Already even the Chinese coolie, the Brazilian cattleman, and the European peasant are coming to crave the same material luxuries that are standard in the world's capitals. As the communication of ideas and the transportation of commodities expand still further, we will see ways of thinking, standards of living and intellectual ideals likewise approach uniformity.

It is hardly to be argued that the conspicuously differentiated cultures of nations in the past have too often bred distrust and even conflict. Amid all the complicated causes of wars, the crusading sense of superiority felt by one people as regards another cannot be ignored. We need go no farther back than the World War to find an outstanding example of this. Whether the cause of a war be economic rivalry or imperial aggrandizement, the motive power that permits its prosecution is often the popular feeling that it is a holy war for the imposition of a superior culture on a lower. In this, and in many other ways besides, discordant national customs and systems of thought have promoted belligerence. Hence we may well see the hand of destiny in that inventive genius which is slowly blotting out national

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idiosyncrasies at the very moment that the possibility of world peace has become an international ideal.

Surely the unfounded jealousies between national populations will diminish as the citizens of each come to adopt the same fashions, share the same interests, enjoy the same amusements, hear the same public speakers and profit from the same educational opportunities. Through future decades this auspicious movement toward common cultural sympathies will be increasingly promoted by radio in alliance with the press, the talking motion pictures, the phonograph and the automobile.

Parenthetically, the United States may feel the satisfaction of a leader in this forward movement, for her inventors and industries have devised or perfected each of these agencies. It was, for instance, from the pioneer American station, KDKA, that broadcasting spread to many lands until today it embraces every part of the civilized world.

Not broadcasting alone, either. The swift transmission of news and commercial communications is now a major task of radio, and in that, too, the United States has led. Today, in New York City alone, the corporation which I serve offers to individual business men direct touch with England, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Poland, Turkey, Argentine, Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, Porto Rico, Dutch Guiana and Portugal. San Francisco is the centre of a network which reaches to China, Japan, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and French Indo-China. Let us not forget that while trade rivalries and international business competition increase through such facilities, this ever more tightly interwoven business fabric is itself another guaranty of peace.

True enough, such lightning communication may be a cause of dangerous misconceptions. With news correspondents closely reporting every meeting of international leaders whose hands hold the peace of the world, a thoughtless, intemperate utterance may be flung to millions of readers and given an importance the statesman never meant it to have. The careless reader, the irresponsible headline writer and the half-baked participant in an international conference, are a trinity very dangerous to the tranquility of our modern world.

But granting such a possibility of harm, I doubt if it ever could be as great as the harm done in earlier days by more slowly travelling bulletins. Then the dangerous report, when it finally did arrive, festered in the national consciousness long before any ameliorating word came. Now the *amende honorable* can follow so closely that the original statement has hardly struck before the assuaging statement is at hand. The truth formerly never overtook the lie, while in these days it sometimes catches it.

People tend to think in inherited patterns. Today we think too much in the disjointed pattern which our fathers and grandfathers made for us out of their conception of a disjointed world. Universal intercommunication has begun to weave a more harmonious world upon which

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we can build a more harmonious pattern to hand on to our children. That pattern, while it will be far from perfect, will contain less of suspicion among peoples, and will inspire efforts better calculated to promote peace. Perhaps more than all the diplomatic conferences in history, radio is helping promote peace, and clearing the way for a long step upward upon the shadowy trail which leads toward Utopia.

Wave Music

By Wilbert Snow

Behind this bowlder on the shore,
After a night of wind and rain,
I lie and let the waves restore
The jaded tissues of my brain.
Why can no inland mountain strain
Weave me the spell of waves that break,
No inland waters float a seine
To catch my fancy's silver hake?

There is an undertow in me
That only moves when some great gale
Kicks up an undertow at sea
And wakens the coast with artillery hail:
The surface drums' loud rolls assail
Huge cliffs in bristling undismay;
Beneath, orchestral basses flail
Dark ledges hidden in the bay.

There may be in an island birth
A need unknown to inland men —
Need for an armistice with earth
To let salt tides flow in again.
"Dust to dust" was spoken when
The tribes had not yet found the sea —
A deeper call has come since then —
"Salt brine to blood" for men like me.

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Submerged Husbands

By Mary Day Winn

Keyserling calls American men a subjugated caste—but is it possible that they are deliberately finding new freedom beneath the yoke of dominant wives?

Man, according to one cynical observer, made his first great mistake when he allowed Woman to learn the alphabet; since then he has been steadily slipping. Now, in this country at least, the waters have closed over his head, and all that is left to indicate his presence are a few bubbles breaking at intervals on the calm sea of female domination. . .

It must be admitted that even the most casual survey of our newspapers, together with the comments of foreign lecturers, seem to confirm this melancholy picture of the status of the American man, and especially of the American husband. Washington dispatches, last spring, in discussing the internationally important question of where Mrs. Gann should sit at social functions, were so disinterested in the social position of *Mr.* Gann that the question came up as to whether or not such a person as Mr. Gann actually existed; in his case there did not seem to be even any bubbles.

And this incident is only one of many which the prophets call attention to as indicating the descent of Man. Not long ago, the respected *New York Times*, with no apparent shame, published a record of the previous year's cases in one of Manhattan's largest hospitals and observed that, if spending their time in hospital beds is any indication, men seem to be now the weaker sex. Before masculine pride had a chance to recover from this blow, William H. Harford, English merchandizing expert, walked down the gangplank of the *Aquitania* and announced that he was here "to find out what American women want to buy." He had discovered that women, principally those in the United States, dictate 95 per cent of the world's purchases.

"At the moment," he said, "as far as trade is concerned, women are ruling the world." His statements have been supported by another recent news item in which Captain Henry Wolfson, making a public address, shed light on one of the reasons for the tremendous success of chain stores: new units, he said, are placed on streets which, by actual test, can boast the largest

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number of women pedestrians; in making the computation men are not even counted.

Such are the general outlines in the picture of man's physical, social and financial eclipse.

Individual vignettes sketched by the soothsayers are even more heart-breaking; as particular women forge to the front and to the headlines in various forms of activity — business, the arts, the professions — their husbands, it is claimed, become psychological paralytics, cheated of their birthright of leadership, thwarted, stunted, weakened by lack of responsibility, and enervated by that modern bogy, the Inferiority Complex.

Keyserling, on his last visit, summed up the whole point of view in a few of his trenchant phrases. "America," he said, "is a two-caste country — the women forming the higher caste, the men the lower. . . .The problem of America is not to emancipate woman, but to emancipate man."

If we accept this verdict, not much imagination is required to envision a future American civilization patterned on that of the industrious bee, with woman as queen of the hive and man allowed to exist only for the purpose of providing for her culinary and amatory needs.

I wonder. I listen to the wailing of these prophets and I am very skeptical. Through the eyes of the (now, apparently) stronger sex I survey the situation and I do not find that the American husband is the cringing and helpless individual that one would expect him to be as a natural deduction from these observations. I do not discover in him that attitude of cowed humility, that skulking around corners which one looks for in a subject people. Instead, I detect a vast satisfaction, almost a cat-and-cream expression.

I am forced to the conclusion that although some of our husbands may be submerged, they are not sending any rescue calls to the surface. I believe that they are finding the gardens of the deep quite diverting and are in no hurry to come up.

Psychologists, who have such a disquieting way of perceiving the real facts beneath the "defense mechanism," tell us that marriages in which the woman is the dominating half show a higher percentage of success, or at least stick together in a greater number of instances, than those which are the other way around. They give us several reasons for this. Some men, they say, unconsciously fall into a comfortable mother-and-child relationship with their wives; others satisfy their egos by that same form of auto-flattery which makes a fisherman boast of his catch, or a hunter have himself photographed beside the lioness he has brought home. Still others are content to let their wives occupy the family show window because of our ardent national conviction that it pays to advertise; expensive wives serve much the same purpose as double-page ads in *The Saturday Evening Post*, — they proclaim the prosperity of the business which is able to pay for them.

These explanations are very good and certainly apply in a number of cases, but it does not seem to me that they explain the case of the American

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husband in particular. For his (only apparently) downtrodden state there is another reason, and one of which he need not be in the least ashamed.

I found a striking illustration of this reason during a recent reading of James L. Clarke's interesting book, *Trails of the Hunted*. Most of us, thinking of Africa, regard the interior of the continent as peopled by vast herds or packs of animals, each group led by the biggest, strongest, wisest male, who finds the safest way to the water holes, knows where the game is most plentiful, and is the first to scent danger and the fiercest in attack and defense.

THIS picture, it seems, this vision of the grand old male snorting ahead is all wrong. After twenty-five years of observing animals in their natural habitat, Mr. Clarke declares that he has "never seen a herd in which there *were* any females that was led by a male." (The italics are mine.)

As though this were not startling enough he continues with an explanation even more candid. After remarking that a herd of elephants, for instance, "is an interesting group in which many characteristics are almost laughably human", he adds that the old females which lead the herds have been allowed to assume this position by old bulls astute enough to realize that "the feeding is better at the rear" where there is comparative freedom from annoying responsibilities.

So here, from the pen of a man franker than the rest of his sex, you have the key: The psychology of the American husband is much like that of the bull elephant; if he has taken up his position at the rear of the domestic herd, it is by his own choice; it is because he finds that position more restful and pleasant, and because he is so sure of his own strength and power that he does not need to bolster up his ego by continual affirmation of it.

For the American husband's somewhat inglorious status in his own family does not in reality imply a weakness, as foreign critics would like to believe. These back seat observers grudgingly admit that we are the most vigorous and successful nation in the world, and that the power, resourcefulness and efficiency of the American business man are beyond dispute. They marvel at the business man's energy, but salve their jealous pride by scornful comments on his docility in all matters where women are concerned.

THIS king of the office and the counting room is, they declare, the slave of the home, the mere provider of bread and honey. This industrial giant, who may have spent his morning tying together the railroad systems of a continent, or grabbing an entire nation's supply of wheat, each evening allows himself to be thrust into the background of the marital scene and assumes without protest a kind of my-lady-the-carriage-waits rôle. Such abdication of masculine prerogatives is, foreigners tell each other, a sign of weakness and national decay; obviously, they say, America is on the downward path.

It is the old story of the man who sees only what he wants to see, who does not realize that the American woman's power and freedom are in reality a sign of the American man's strength.

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How can this be? The answer lies in the psychological principle of compensation. The masculine ego, generally speaking, demands that it enjoy a mastery over some thing or some person. Without the sense of power which mastery gives a man, he finds it hard to look his fellow men in the eye and hold his own in the struggle for existence. If his desire to dominate is thwarted in one direction, or if he finds himself dominated instead by those who are stronger than he, he will often seek compensation for the blow to his pride by an excessive show of power over someone too weak or too disadvantageously placed by circumstance to prevent it — perhaps his wife or his dog. He may even, collectively, compensate by rattling the saber at a smaller nation. He may keep a harem, or become a peacetime army officer.

From such a necessity for compensation the American man is freer than most. He has won mastery over vast natural resources and over the realm of business. He has conquered the air and has cracked a commanding whip over the world's money markets. He is Lord of the Machine. Everywhere great monsters of iron and steel obey his lightest touch — even, with some of the newest inventions, his whispered word of command. Though he may be the veriest high-grade moron, he can, and does, know the thrill of power that comes when his hands touch the wheel of an automobile and his foot presses the accelerator.

With all these things to give him a sense of mastery, the American husband does not need to bolster up his ego by demanding that he be master in his own home, as does the industrially stagnant Spaniard or the Turk.

The wife of the immigrant staggers after him down the gangplank at Ellis Island leading the children and carrying all the family possessions on her back; the wife of the immigrant's Americanized son walks in front, weighed down by nothing but her handbag and her husband's check book. The difference is not entirely due to the husband's desire to become a part of the new land by adopting its customs; it springs in part from a sense of pride and achievement which his Old World father did not possess. Not only has he the personal satisfaction of having been admitted into the so-hard-to-enter country, and of having pulled himself up to a higher scale of living; he is also a sharer in the glory of every American victory over man or nature. He flew with Lindbergh, and when "We" landed at Le Bourget he felt a somewhat bigger man because of what another American had done.

The same thing holds true in other walks of life. The man who can close the mouth of a river with a hundred-foot dam can afford, when at home, to let his wife do most of the talking. The higher the husband rises in the scale of achievement, the more power he will probably let his wife assume in the family. It is the ditch digger, not the corporation president, who comes home and beats the partner of his sorrows — and we have in this country a larger proportion of presidents, and a smaller percentage of ditch diggers, than are found in any other land.

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It is therefore obvious that the old bull does not need leadership in the family in order to make him realize his worth. He is perfectly conscious of it without any domestic kow-towing. He can well afford to graze in the rear, especially, as Mr. Clarke has pointed out with such refreshing candor, since there are so many pleasant aspects associated with that location. Notably its greater freedom. For while the American wife may be making after-dinner speeches, or basking in the limelight of artistic appreciation, or leading her favorite cause to a glorious finish, her husband can, perhaps, play around with some other emancipated female!

Public life has its personal drawbacks. Mrs. Gann was recently quoted as refusing spirituous refreshment at the British embassy "out of consideration for my country." Mr. Gann, in his comfortable obscurity, could enjoy his beer and skittles — if his tastes happened to run that way — without anybody's caring or mentioning the fact.

After all, it is obvious to anyone who can remember or read history books that if American men had really wanted to remain masters in their own families, they could have done so. They were originally greatly in the majority and still are in all pioneer lands where customs are still in the making. Of what value, though, would the harem type of woman have been to the early settler? He preferred the type of mate into whose hand he could put a musket and a hoe and go off about his own business with some feeling of confidence in her ability to look after their joint interests. Now that she no longer needs to wield these particular instruments of labor and defense, he has no objection if she carries on aggressively with more subtle weapons; especially since he is astute enough to realize the many advantages of grazing at the rear.

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When Is a Teacher Not a Teacher?

By Max McConn
Dean of Lehigh University

Parents are finding a costly truth behind the standing jest of ambitious professors that "College would be a fine place if it weren't for the students"

WHEN is a teacher not a teacher? There are a good many persons nowadays who like to ask this nonsense question and who have an answer ready and pat:

When he is a college professor.

This feeble attempt at humor is obviously frivolous. Obviously, also, it is unjust to many fine college teachers. In short it is altogether reprehensible. But like many another reprehensible jibe it points a sure finger at a real evil. This evil, widespread among our institutions of learning, arises from a one-sided exaltation of research above good teaching. The successful investigator is crowned with promotions in rank and salary, while the man who is "merely" a good teacher is passed by. The unintended but inevitable result is a progressive neglect of the teaching function, especially among the younger men, the oncoming generation of professors. There is no denying that this state of affairs is far too general, no denying that a good many are beginning to ask why.

The largest group of those who are inclined to raise this query consists of college students, who discover in very many cases that the instruction given them is definitely less effective than that to which they were accustomed in secondary schools. These students will concede, in their semi-articulate fashion, that the college teachers "know their stuff," know more, generally, than the teachers in the lower schools, but "they cannot teach" — cannot, or do not, put their material across to young men and women of eighteen to twenty-two as well as do the teachers of boys and girls of fourteen to eighteen.

THE second largest and by far the most influential group concerned consists of parents — the parents of these same college students, to whom their offspring have more or less casually reported the phenomenon in question. The parents are likely to be unpleasantly surprised, and in some cases they become quite volubly incensed. They have sent their sons and daughters to college to be taught — at a cost to themselves of any-

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where from $1,000 to $2,000 a year each. They understood that the college invited young people to come to it to be taught — in other words, that it was primarily a teaching institution, as the lower schools are. If the college is not primarily a teaching institution, if it is not doing the job of teaching as well as it could, nor troubling much to do it better, they feel they are being in some measure cheated. This line of argument is difficult to answer, and the angry insistence thereon of a good many parents constitutes one of the forces that is going to induce, and in fact is already inducing, the college to mend its ways.

There is still a third group, composed of certain college teachers. These are men and women who happen to be primarily interested in teaching. They are themselves, or consider themselves to be, excellent teachers. The act of teaching is the thing that especially appeals to them. They have an aptitude, a flair, a love for it. It is their form of creative activity. For no one will deny, I suppose, that teaching may be a form of creative activity, or, incidentally, that it may be a very useful form.

To these persons the fact that their own special creative activity, namely teaching, does not in colleges receive much recognition and does not lead very directly to promotion in rank or increase in salary, is of course displeasing. They are indeed more vitally and permanently affected than even students or parents. They come to feel it highly unjust that they, who are doing in superior fashion the job which is after all the job which the college in its literature professes to do, should see other persons, who are less interested in that job and do it less well, promoted over their heads. Some few of them become the most articulate and bitter critics of the existing situation. (Only some few, because a good many others who secretly share their sentiments are discreet enough to keep their mouths shut.) The articulate few have some further queries to add to my initial nonsense question. For example:

Why does a college teacher have to write a learned book, or a series or a miscellany of learned articles, in order to win promotion *as a teacher?*

Does the investigation of some obscure and recondite problem on the advanced frontiers of some field of knowledge, and the summation of the results (if any) in a "paper," really contribute anything whatever to one's ability to present comparatively elementary phases of that subject to immature young men and women?

For example (and this example is not made up, but is taken from an actual case within my own knowledge), is a study of the expletives in Old Norse — i. e., a collection of the cuss words of the Vikings — a particularly useful employment of some hundreds of hours for a highly successful young teacher of German grammar and modern German literature? The only definite, practical addition to the equipment of this investigator was the acquisition of a fluent profanity in strictly modern English, developed by his own irritated consciousness of the futility of his scholarly labors.

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Are not the time and energy devoted to such investigation (and the time at least is a very large item) obviously subtracted from the time and energy available for the primary job of teaching?

Nay, are not the point of view and attitude of mind needed for and developed by research definitely different from, and in some measure inimical to, the point of view and mental attitude most useful to a teacher of undergraduates?

At any rate, why promote *teachers* almost exclusively on the basis of their success as *investigators?*

Why not appraise good teaching directly as such and give it its due reward in rank and salary?

Or is it true that good teaching no longer, in colleges, entitles one to anything much in the way of reward?

Is it true, in other words, that most college professors and most college executives now look upon teaching as merely a by-product, or perhaps as a form of pot-boiling, necessary because only on account of its teaching function can the college obtain the funds it needs — fees from students and donations or appropriations — but to be surreptitiously slighted as much as possible in favor of research? Just as a would-be poet or novelist may write advertisements with his left hand in order to pay the butcher and baker, but will steal every hour he can for his sonnets or his novel?

All these questions are confessedly rhetorical, and like all rhetorical questions suggest, somewhat unfairly, the answers desired by the asker. Let us pass them all except the last one, which I shall attempt to answer, making every effort to frame a statement which shall be accurate and just.

There is no denying that a large and dominant group among college professors and college executives feel so strongly the value and attraction of advanced study and research that the teaching of undergraduates has, in fact, come to rank in their minds as a secondary thing, a necessary minor evil, an activity to be provided for and carried on chiefly because it cannot well be dispensed with — for financial reasons.

The professorial members of this group feel that as mature adults and members of the world-wide fraternity of learning they cannot be expected to be exclusively or even primarily interested in going over the mere elements of their subjects year after year with very young and often uninterested undergraduates. They continue to do this, because they must eat, but they quite openly reserve their real interest for the book they are writing, the article they have just had accepted by a learned journal. Their standing jest is that the university or college would be a fine place if it were not for the students. And their idea of heaven on earth, which a very few may hope to attain, is a research professorship, in which they would be set free to devote all their time to advanced study and investigation, except perhaps for sporadic supervision of one or two graduate students, who would incidentally work out for them some of the less interesting phases of their own studies.

Among the executive members of

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the group — presidents, deans, and heads of departments — the principal motivation is the same as for the mere professors, because nearly all the executives were professors and investigators before they achieved executive rank, and a majority of them still give a part of their time to teaching and research. But with the executives the original bias is reinforced — usually without their being clearly conscious of the fact — by two additional considerations.

THE first of these is the advertising value of publication. An executive is responsible, among other things, for the standing, reputation, prestige of his university, college, or department. Learned books and articles undoubtedly enhance prestige in the world at large, whereas fine teaching remains unknown and unappreciated except by a few youthful students and possibly by their parents. The publications come, therefore, to have for the executive an extremely practical value over and above their inherent value as contributions to human knowledge, which may or may not be very great.

The second consideration arises out of budgetary problems. The executive must make up the budget of the university, college, or department — the annual list of salaries and allotments for books, equipment, and clerical service. He has a fixed sum to distribute. Ordinarily this sum will cover some few increases of salary and of the other allotments; but never in this imperfect world does it cover all the increases which all the members of the staff desire or even all they may, ideally speaking, deserve. To whom shall the plums go?

No one who has not been intimately concerned with the actual making of a college budget can have any idea of the difficulty of this question. Practically all the considerations to be weighed are imponderables. They include, for every member of the staff, training, teaching ability, research ability, and general academic usefulness (committee service etc.). I have said that all these considerations are imponderable: there is no scale in which any of them can be truly weighed.

BUT two of the items lead to results which have at least an ostensible definiteness. One of these is training (advanced study), which leads to degrees. The other is research, which begets publications. These things can be written down after a man's name or under it, and they are cumulative. One man has them and is getting more; the next man hasn't and isn't. Whereas there is no known way of definite comparison of one man with another with respect to the fruitful stimulation of undergraduate minds. And even if it be well known that some professor is a superior teacher, that fact seems to remain the same year after year and tends to become an old story. Is it any wonder that the perplexed executive inclines to give the major weight, in his award of promotions and increases, to those results which he can set down on paper and look at and enumerate, and which seem to represent tangible growth and achievement — and the enhancement of institutional or departmental prestige?

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Of course the fact that executives tend to react in this manner cannot be concealed from the faculties. It has become generally understood, and the newest young instructor is speedily tipped off to the effect that if he desires promotion he must acquire degrees and publish papers. He can infer for himself that his teaching does not matter much. Being, naturally, in the highly imitative stage of youthful snobbishness, he quickly adopts the view that his classes represent a form of unavoidable hack-work and that research is the mark of distinction in his profession; and his zeal for the advancement of knowledge will quicken in proportion to his desire to get married or the imminence of a baby.

THERE are a good many college professors and college executives who, if they have the misfortune to read this article, will be highly irritated by it, and may wish to present several points in refutation:

(1) That the situation is by no means as bad as I seem to imply, because there is a great deal of good teaching and a reasonable amount of really fine teaching done in our colleges.

(2) That research *is* the mark of distinction in a scholar and is an activity of incalculable value to society which is all too little supported and encouraged in this country.

(3) That every teacher, at the college level at least, needs, for the sake of his teaching, to keep constantly abreast of a rapidly developing subject matter and is most likely to do this if he himself engages in research.

(4) That the college professor who does not become an investigator but devotes all his time to routine teaching is almost certain to get into a rut and so become the worst possible teacher.

This is the standard, orthodox defense of the existing situation, and I think it is good, but not good enough.

ONE may grant all four of the points advanced. In particular, I wish to grant, and even to emphasize, the first one: many college teachers, including those who are distinguished or competent investigators, do a fine job of teaching in spite of a system and atmosphere which give little encouragement to pedagogical excellence. This is because the college group consists in general of men who are distinctly superior to the general run in conscientiousness.

Let us grant, also, the other three points: the enormous value of research in its own right; the teacher's need of constant study; and the dry rot which overtakes the professor who devotes himself to routine teaching. But that is where the catch comes:

He should devote himself to teaching which is not *routine.*

And teaching that shall *not* be routine is in itself a man's size job — a job to engage all the scholarship and all the creative energy and original genius that any man can bring to it. The man who is doing that will be studying constantly, studying his subject and related subjects, studying also his students, reorganizing his courses and modifying his methods.

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Let us return for a moment to our newest young instructor. Is he likely, under the existing system, to become that kind of teacher, original, creative, experimental? On the contrary, the existing system of giving substantial promotion chiefly for degrees and research fortifies the continuance of the routine teaching.

But at least the existing system promotes research. Does it? I wonder if more than one-tenth, say, of the army of college teachers now "producing" under compulsion contribute anything of substantial value. For most of them research is also routine. Their little papers clutter up our learned journals (the editors of which are constantly complaining of the pitiful mediocrity of most of the contributions they receive), and they get their salaries increased. Does it come to much more than that in most cases? I suspect that most of them are mere camp followers in the army against ignorance, intent not on the campaign but on the commissary. Real creative genius, real talent even, for scholarship, must be comparatively rare, as it is recognized to be in literature and the arts. And, as in these fields, the man who really has genius or talent will find a way. Suppose as a college teacher he had enforced upon him a full-time schedule of non-routine teaching. Still he would get in his research, taking it out of his holidays and sleep. It is through similar handicaps that the real creators in other fields are winnowed out — not by bribing all and sundry to "produce." If in such a situation a young teacher displayed a real flair for research, by all means reward him. Promote him to a research job and give him everything in the way of facilities and emoluments. I wonder if under that kind of plan we should not do better even at the advancement of knowledge.

Is there hope of any change in the present policy and system and routine?

Indeed there is, and it is coming fast. The beginnings of the change are to be found in the numerous experimental or experimenting colleges and courses which have developed within the last two decades. Dr. Meiklejohn's Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin is one; the Swarthmore Plan is another; and there are the Antioch Plan, the Rollins Plan, the Claremont Plan, the Sarah Lawrence Plan, the Tutorial System at Harvard, and the Honors Courses in a score of colleges.

The ideas and theories underlying these numerous experiments are various, and some of them are contradictory — which is as it should be at this stage. But they have one tremendously interesting factor in common:

In all of them teaching as such is restored to supremacy, recognized as central (for the college as distinguished from the graduate school), and as creative and experimental.

Most of these plans include an increased selectivity with respect to students. The lad in whose mind college consists really of a fraternity and a football team is to be conspicuous by his absence. All the students admitted are to be of real intellectual ability who have already demon-

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strated established intellectual interests.

Most of the plans, also, abolish or minimize routine requirements — prescribed attendance, prescribed courses, and the like. Some take the final step of abandoning "courses" entirely. All of them emphasize the student's own, self-motivated, individual study in the library or in the laboratory or in his own room beside the midnight tungsten, under the general oversight, direction, and leadership (instead of the policial compulsion) of an older scholar and learner.

Of course there are only a few of these new experiments at present. But they are multiplying. No faculty and no administration can long escape their infection.

The evil of routine teaching *plus* routine research is still widespread, but I expect that within the next fifty years it will be in many places, if not everywhere, overthrown. A real renascence of college teaching is on its way, and many happy results may be expected from this rebirth.

First and most important, we may hope that our colleges will again become inspirers and moulders of youth in the same measure and degree in which they used to be in this country a couple of generations ago — in which measure and degree few will maintain they are functioning now. Possibly the term "student" may gradually lose its present definition of raucous rooter at athletic contests, reckless driver of a battered Ford, and expert performer on the ukelele, and may resume its nearly obsolete meaning of lover of learning. For a considerable number of those "students" who are now, in our colleges, devoting themselves chiefly to extra-curricular activities have it in them to become, under creative teaching, real lovers of learning. If the side shows now dwarf the main tent, it is partly because the performances in that main tent have become routine and tame. And the large number of other "students" now swelling our enrollments who have no capacity for learning would soon, under creative teaching, discover for themselves that college was no place for them and pass on to some more useful employment.

I believe, too, that the reinstatement of the great college teacher as such in his old-time preëminence in the faculties and the community will tend to enhance the status of teachers in general, including those in the secondary and elementary schools. If so, the benefits of the coming change will spread far beyond college walls; for the present lack of prestige of the teaching profession is widely recognized as one of the greatest obstacles to improvement in all our schools.

But how about research? I suspect that even that immensely valuable activity may profit in the long run, by a diminution in quantity, compensated by a notable improvement in quality. For routine is an infectious thing which has tended to spread from teaching to research itself and thus to damage the very cause for the sake of which it has been allowed to fasten itself upon teaching.

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A Macedonian Robin Hood

By John Gunther

A tale of fantastic patriotism and intrigue in the Balkans

There is something ludicrous in the extremity of most fanaticism. This sense of the ludicrous may take the oddest and most disfigured forms, it may express itself in grotesquerie, in mysticism, or in plain foolery, but almost always, in a maniacal necessity of reaction, it is there — the twisted outgrowths, the little blazing buds, of the fanatic's tree.

I was in Sofia and I had a job. It was to burrow into the confidence of the Macedonians, get up into the hills where their secret State was functioning, and find out what motive spurred their brigandage which was tumbling Bulgaria and Yugoslavia to the very edge of annoyed, angry, useless war. Finally, if possible, I was to interview and photograph their leader, the infamous Gavriloff. Infamous? That's what the Serbs told me. It was what the Bulgars told me. But I wondered.

It was no easy job to establish contact with the Macedonian organization, which exists, of course, in secret; but I had sealed letters from a Macedonian committeeman in Paris, and through them I met, after some weeks of waiting, Ivan Tomalevsky, who appeared to be a sort of outside political agent, a "contact" man. A strange sort of revolutionary! Speaking perfect French inside a richly lined library! And a Bulgar policeman just outside! But he was the right man, and after cross-examining me pretty thoroughly, he promised to find me a guide and a car, and smuggle me out into the hills.

My guide was named Vladimir. His first name, I suppose. One can never tell in the Balkans. But I was told no other.

I liked him. He had to an unusual degree something which I admire, suppleness. He was burning up inside; you could see fire so thick it clouded his dark eyes; but outside he was smooth, suave, supple. He was nervous as a monkey and talked with passion in his very breathing; and yet, meeting other people, was positively silky in his suppleness.

Vladimir looked me over, and said we might as well begin.

"Things are quiet in the hills just now. I haven't got a thing to do," he assured me.

"Shall we see Gavriloff?"

"Ah!" Vladimir nodded quickly. "Of course we shall see Gavriloff. But we must find him first."

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Gavriloff must be, I knew, a pretty elusive son-of-a-gun. Of course he had to be elusive. Heavens! The Serbs had 20,000 *dinars* on his capture, and the Bulgar government, officially anti-Macedonian at the moment, would have paid ten *comitadji's* ransoms for his head. Two senior members of the Macedonian Central Committee had been killed before him. Gavriloff was the survivor. His father and half-brother had been shot the week before, in Istip — revenge by Serbian soldiers for the murder some time before by Macedonians of a Serbian general, Kovatchevitch. The whole Macedonian movement is splashed with blood.

THE Macedonians, I discovered, had two paramount qualities. The first was desire for publicity, and the second was secretiveness. I never saw such a paradox before, with such intensity in the combination. They gave me two whole weeks, for instance, simply because I was a foreign newspaper man, and might give their side of the story some "play" in America. I have never had such an assault on me, of documents, of speeches, of polemics, of frantic, flaunting, almost ridiculous chauvinism. And, on the other hand, I never met a crowd which, telling me so much, showed me so little. They were extraordinarily eager to get their side of the case before the world; and extraordinarily chary about producing their precious Gavriloff for anyone to see.

Vladimir and I had a fortnight together. I liked him better all the time. But he certainly was a volatile person.

"I could tell you so much more than this! I could show you the most incredible things!" Then his face would darken. The fire would go out. "No. We must wait!"

Of course he didn't trust me fully; Macedonians never trust anybody. But he had a grand sense of humor. We drank a lot of *slivovitz* (plum brandy), and laughed together through the mountain evenings.

Very sketchily I must give some impression of that trip. We were, of course, hunting for Gavriloff. But that became almost an incidental, so exciting were the other details.

PEASANTS with their feet wrapped in tattered wool instead of boots. Lonely *gendarmes* hailing us, their white uniforms bright. (Vladimir always had some sort of pass ready.) The Greek-Bulgar frontier, and the soldiers on the different ends of the bridge, the Greek a little fellow, swarthy; the Bulgar tall with hazel eyes. The cotton bazaar at Radomir. Incredibly barren hills, with the bare rock showing through, like dandruff in a giant's scalp. Nights in camp, with gnarled trees drawing blunt designs against the sky. Vicious dogs. The Struma Valley, and the road, perhaps the most magnificent in Europe, dodging down toward Salonika. Every village a concentrated cluster, no houses being isolated in the country stretches — and for a reason. (Bandits — heritage of Turkish days.) The high cheekbones, the down-turned mustaches, of the Mongol-looking Bulgar peasants. Vladimir shouting, then stopping the car, then praying, when we reached the invisible Macedonian border. Caravans of covered wagons,

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drawn by incredibly spindly horses. Women with children strapped to their backs, like papooses. And nearer day by day to the westward, the barren, cloudy, purple-scrawled mountains of the Yugoslav frontier.

"And your Gavriloff — he is a fighter himself — he plays gun against gun — himself?"

I was trying to get, say, some Robin Hood legends about this chieftain.

"Of course he has killed people," Vladimir said. "Say fifteen or twenty. But not many."

"Oh," I said.

"And of course," Vladimir said, "he works with the rest of us. Every man does his job, whatever that may be. We are never idle. Nor he."

IDLE or not, I got an amazing impression of a State within a State. And it *is* a State. Macedonia has no recognized frontiers, it has no "government," you won't find facts about it in any Almanac; but in those barren, patchy hills, it does exist, to some degree it does work. Divided between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, with a little seeping downward into Greece, denounced and outlawed by all three Governments, yet it survives, and as a single "country" too. It has, for instance, its own newspapers, secret of course; its own tax-collecting system, even more secret; and even its own postage stamps. This latter is unbelievable, but I have some of them and can swear to it. Give a letter to a friend in Petritch; it gets to his friends in Monastir, across the border, almost as soon as by ordinary post. Perhaps in a priest's hat. Perhaps in a donkey's ear. To *stamp* the letter is, of course, pure flaunting swank. Which is one of the things Macedonians especially seem to like.

I heard plenty about Gavriloff. Naturally. My companion, young Vladimir, had a hero-worship for him, passionate, single-eyed, almost tremulous in adoration. Often, I heard, Gavriloff walked boldly into the streets of Sofia. (Usually he was hidden by the "outside" man I met, Mr. Tomalevsky.) He had gone to school in Germany, and knew at least two Western languages. He was only twenty-nine. He had directed assassinations of every member of the counter-group which had betrayed and murdered Todor Alexandroff, his beloved chief, and not a man had escaped. The long arm of Gavriloff's organization was indeed relentless. I was told in detail of numerous "cases". I must say I shuddered a little. The loneliness of those hills, I suppose, was getting on my nerves, together with the passion of that boy Vladimir.

And there was Kunitza!

"Of course," Vladimir told me, "you know *that* story!"

KUNITZA was another traitor. He was followed to Vienna. There a girl of twenty-six waited for him, found him one night in the Burg Theatre, and shot him as you and I might post a letter. The girl, Maria Parensoff, was freed (as the killers of the traitors in Prague and Milan had been freed) after a long, sensational trial. Now, Vladimir told me, she was back in the hills again, working, organizing, praying for a free Macedonia.

"I always liked that episode," Vladimir observed, half-chuckling. "Of such stuff is our leader made,

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our Gavriloff. There happened to be no one else available. And so he sent his own wife, Maria Parensoff, to Vienna — to murder the enemy, Kunitza."

You will understand, I hope, from this very slight sketch of the Macedonian background, some of the difficulties naturally to be encountered in a search for Gavriloff.

"And when will we find him?" I kept asking.

"Tomorrow," Vladimir would say.

And it was always "Tomorrow."

ONE day we would pop into a town, say Gorna-Djumaia, talk to the "friends," and Vladimir would return with a scowling forehead to tell me dramatically — he was an extremely dramatic young man — that Gavriloff had been in Gorna-Djumaia only the day before, but had left it early in the morning . . . for the hills. We would go to the hills, and miss him there. Once we were to intercept him near Kustendil, that lovely town; but he was held up at a conference further along the frontier. I was impatient by this time. Once we took to donkeys, and I put on a sort of disguise, that is, I donned an old flannel shirt, and Vladimir, shouting with laughter, fitted me to a pair of native moccasins, *opintsi*. We rolled into the mountains, actually did get across that wired, mined frontier, and then had to go back because we missed Gavriloff in Istip, where, Vladimir swore to me, he certainly *had* been. I began to get annoyed. Yet every day was fascinating.

"But, my dear fellow," I would protest to Vladimir, "I simply can't go on taking your time this way."

"I am working," he would smile. "Don't mind me. And I am giving you really an intimate view of our organization."

This was true, and I could not complain. And, "Patience," Vladimir would say. Meantime I saw the meetings of the council men, the workings of the secret printing press, and even, one exciting night, a "court" in session; for the Macedonians have their own secret civil justice, too. I got samples of their stamps and saw samples of what Yugoslav prisons did to Macedonian offenders. And for the flamboyant vigor and comprehensiveness of the invisible organization I daily gained respect.

BUT we did not find Gavriloff. Reluctantly, after the end of the fortnight, Vladimir said he must return to Sofia. We drove like a blizzard over 240 kilometres of savage road; we almost froze, for it was getting into November and the last of my French cognac was gone. We did the trip in a day. I disembarked at my hotel and promised to have Vladimir to lunch the day after the next; we shook hands, really intimately; and regretfully I saw him go. I did like him. Yet at the very end, from his eyes, I knew that he had not quite trusted me; that for this reason, and probably for this reason only, I had missed Gavriloff. I wired my office so, apologetically. I had a good, perhaps a unique story. But I had not seen Gavriloff.

My lunch with Vladimir fell through because I was suddenly busy at the Foreign Office (which, I did hope, knew nothing of my Macedonian adventure). A few days later, re-

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turning to the hotel, I ran into the American Consul, and that pale, phlegmatic man was excited. "They got him!" That was all he said. He shivered. "Who?" "Gavriloff — at last." I rushed up to my typewriter. This was a story! Gavriloff had been trapped on a Sofia street as he had turned into Macedonian headquarters, somewhere back of Tomalevsky's house — astounding, how careless, how flaunting, these extremists were! Six soldiers spotted him. Evidently the Government had decided the time was ripe. He was slain in a pitched battle in which one of the soldiers was killed, and two others wounded; and an innocent bystander, the extremely indignant new second secretary of the Spanish legation, painfully wounded in the loin.

"Let's go and see him," the Consul suggested, when I had sent my story.

I nodded. I felt awfully sorry that it had happened.

We went toward the barracks where Gavriloff's body was exhibited. People chuckled; other people looked grim; there was a great running of confused bitterness and laughter.

I looked at the face, and the Consul thought I had been suddenly taken ill. There it was, the dead face of my guide, young Vladimir. I had seen Gavriloff.

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In Defense of Didja

By Janet Rankin Aiken

Sadly granting that convention binds her to careful diction, an English teacher challenges the purists who would crystallize English as it is now printed

Today's paper reflects in many news items the popular interest in how we speak, an interest which extends from Siam to Peru and back again. The current news informs me that Russia is contemplating loosening the grammatical trammels which now lie too heavily upon the Communist school-boy. Another story deals with the fact that English is now the "preferred" foreign language study in the gymnasia of Germany. Another dispatch from London deplores "slovenly American speech" as a menace to the purity of English. This menace, we are told, is invading Great Britain by way of the phonographs, the talkies and radio.

Finally—and perhaps most significant—is the recent announcement of a survey which is planned to study the local dialects of these United States, the five-year programme of its researchers to burgeon into the first Dialect Atlas of our nation.

So the once despised localisms, the *frying-pan* of the Southerner, the *skillet* of New England, the *spider* of my own Middle West childhood, are to be dignified by learned study! Soon we shall know the boundaries separating *gallery* from *porch*, *front stoop* from *veranda*. *You all* will be put in its place, and the haunts of *barbecue* outlined. Not only this, but the elusive *r* will be run to earth; *hyar* will be separated geographically from *here*; and *the goil's earl* will attain topographic differentiation from *the girl's oil*.

A good starting point for such a survey would be the very college campus from which the surveyor hails. For it is a mistake to suppose that localisms are confined to the walks of unlettered life. I know a scholar who is inwardly prostrated at the slightest slip in English, whose books might well be used to illustrate all that is best in English prose. Yet in a classroom lecture let him but utter the little word *whole*, and you hear Maine speaking; it is *the hull truth*, plain as day. Another scholar confessed that for years after leaving Virginia he pronounced *pork* to rhyme with *joke*.

The plain fact seems to be that much of the diction portrayed in the comic strips is embedded deep in the

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everyday life, not only of Mutt and Jeff, but of our college professors. Try it on yourself; do you or don't you say, in actual speech, *ast im, thasso, sojer, sez, didja, howsat, whereya goin'?* Who will have the nerve to maintain that in ordinary rapid conversation he says *didn't you* and not *didnya*, *don't you* and not *doncha*, *how do you do* and not *howjadoo?* I am acquainted with a fair sprinkling of individuals who are relatively well educated; but I know of none who fail to take at least some of these linguistic short-cuts.

And in truth, why should they not do so? For every one of these locutions represents a definite simplification of English speech, an approach toward greater linguistic effectiveness. And this is plain from the fact that every one of them is part and parcel of the general current of change or development which has made English what it is today, the development which has given us our rightly admired and admirable English language.

It is a demonstrable fact, and one well known to students of the history of the English language, that our brief, forceful Saxon idiom has become so, not in spite of, but actually because of, centuries of bad grammar, mispronunciations, circumlocutions, and especially drawling, slurring, and mumbling, which would appeal to any elementary school teacher as positively frightful. That stark, terse speech which stands as a monument to the Nordic character, which we display as an ideal to budding writers, the speech of Shakespeare, Milton, Emerson, and Lincoln, breathing of the soil and of the character of a (comparatively) free people, could not possibly have attained this eminence save for every one of those speech defects which we now condemn so heartily.

Damaging as the fact may be to the reverence popularly felt for our linguistic ancestry, Anglo-Saxon is not particularly terse or brief, and could not by any stretch of the imagination be called forceful. The Anglo-Saxon idiom did not possess brevity and vigor, but has gradually acquired them through a variety of causes which include all those evil habits mentioned above, and especially mumbling. The evidence to prove the statement is easily available.

First, Anglo-Saxon was by no means a language of monosyllables, as might appear from its modern descendant. On a page of *Beowulf* containing 140 words, I find only 54 monosyllables, and these are largely pronouns, prepositions, and the small change of speech generally. There are 60 words of two syllables, and 26 of three or more.

Taking Vachell Lindsay's *The Congo*, as a narrative poem in the modern fashion perhaps roughly equivalent in intellectual level to *Beowulf*, I find, out of an equal number of consecutive words, 96 monosyllables, 35 dissyllables, and only 9 words containing as many as three syllables (none with more).

Evidently Vachell Lindsay is to be regarded as far more Saxon than the Saxons themselves, in this matter of terseness. And he is by no means alone among moderns. Try counting words in almost any recent book of poems, and you will find that sub-

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stantially the same comparison holds good. Or, if the poetry test is felt to be one-sided, try prose of equivalent character, and I think you will agree that modern English has far outdone the parent dialect in the attainment of brevity.

And what about the term forceful? Can that justly be applied to the ancestor of our tongue?

Not if you care for the exact use of words. Let me translate with fair literalness one of the "high spots" in *Beowulf*, where the hero is in danger of being overborne by the efforts of Grendel's mother, who has come to the hall Heorot to avenge her son's death. This is a very representative sample of the starkness of Anglo-Saxon. The parentheses are mine.

> Then the hall-guest (Grendel's mother) sat upon him (Beowulf), and drew her dagger, broad and brown-edged; she would avenge her bairn, her own offspring. To him on the shoulder lay a woven hauberk; that saved his life, barred the entrance against point and against edge.

EVEN in the translation you will feel the halts and jerks of the original, the repetitions and the clumsinesses. Every one of the verbal tricks of this brief passage is characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry; we see the succession of adjectives following their noun, the frequent use of appositives which merely echo their antecedents, the reiteration of unimportant details.

Now compare *The Congo*.

> Then along that riverbank
> A thousand miles,
> Tattooed cannibals danced in files.

This is stark, if you like, but far from Anglo-Saxon. Notice even with the poetic inversion, the orderly way in which the picture is built up, the economy and efficiency of the language. There is not a word to spare. Considered from a strictly linguistic aspect, the comparison is all to the advantage of the modern poem.

IT SEEMS impossible to deny that Anglo-Saxon, so far as we know it, is as a language both long-winded and clumsy. But it is just as impossible to deny that our modern "Saxon" words deserve the praises heaped upon them. Somewhere between *Beowulf* and Vachell Lindsay, Saxon speech did acquire the athletic energy it possesses today. How did it get that way, if it was not always so?

The present monosyllabic character of our Saxon vocabulary is almost entirely due to long-continued mumbling. Somewhere in the centuries immediately following the Norman Conquest, English developed a strong first-syllable accent, so that, for example, Anglo-Saxon *su'nu'* became strongly *súnu*. The second syllable then became slurred more and more, until finally it disappeared entirely, giving us the good old English monosyllable *son*.

How have we developed *lord* from the former *hlaf-weard*, *world* from *wer-aeldu*, *Kingston* from *cyningestun* and our Saxon monosyllables in general from Anglo-Saxon polysyllables? The answer is simple: by mumbling. Mumbling has given us *cough* from *cohhettan*. Precisely the same process which now gives *atta* in *attaboy* or *gonna* for *going-to* has given us *about* for *onbutan*, *say* for *secgan*, and *such* for *swa-lic*.

Even the many Anglo-Saxon words which look like monosyllables in the vocabularies, *word*, *folk*, *gold*,

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horse, *hoard*, *land*, *sore*, *sheep*, and a host of others, which have come to us with little change, were not really monosyllables in practice save in their nominative and accusative cases. In genitive and dative, singular and plural, these words carried the case-endings which made them dissyllables, and if one asks how the second syllable got lost, the same mournful answer must be given. It is the mumbling of generations of our forefathers which relieves us of the necessity of using *wordum* as the dative plural of *word*. Mumbling has given us *had* as a sort of "bos'n tight and midshipmite and crew of the Nancy Brig," for *had* has swallowed up a whole raft of its messmates, among them *haefde*, *haefdest*, *haefdon*, *haefden*, and *gehaefd*. And even these were but mumbling survivors of a shipload of Primitive Germanic words; the evidence of Gothic shows that *habaida*, *habaides*, and the giants *habbadedeima* and *habbadedeiwa* were among that crew.

THUS the Anglo-Saxon speech mumbled its way to monosyllablism. To describe how it acquired vigor as well, how circumlocutions were short-circuited, how verbal excrescences were removed, how words were taught to run straight instead of hopping crooked as in *Beowulf*, would be a long and complicated task. Various factors helped. One was the rubbing of the language against other dialects, Danish and Norman-French especially, with the resulting simplification and welding together of all three into English. Another factor was the continuous and persistent striving of the human mind toward easier and more effective forms of speech. And a third and very potent factor was the neglect of English by the grammarians, who fortunately during these formative years turned all their attentions to Latin! It is safe to say that Anglo-Saxon could never have developed into English had the guardians of its purity been as vigilant and as militant as the guardians of English are today.

FOR we must remember that every change, every innovation which added to the strength or the ease of our Saxon idiom, broke a current convention of linguistic correctness. To the Elizabethan *its* was as novel as *yous* would be today. To King Alfred *they* and *them* were not English at all, nor was *she*. To Chaucer, *lady's* was unknown, and *eyes* and *shoes* would have seemed as peculiar as *oxes* and *childs* would seem to us.

Yet there was a difference in the attitude of earlier periods toward such grammatical new-comers. Where *oxes* and *childs* would be resisted with the grammarians' full powers today, Chaucer and Shakespeare unquestionably would have regarded such innovations as *its*, *eyes*, and *childs* with tolerance if not with enthusiasm. It was not until the Seventeenth Century that the grammarians really got under way, and viewed such innovations with an alarm which was in any degree effective. It was even later before the grammarians, reinforced by the printers of books, became powerful enough to reduce the rate of linguistic change from a torrent to a trickle.

Certainly linguistic change has been retarded, or even reversed in some instances. Between 1000 and

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1500, English altered almost out of recognition; between 1500 and 1900, it has changed comparatively little. And between 1700 and 1900, the heyday of schools and of printing, it has changed practically not at all. Indeed, many good English words such as *Injun*, *offen*, *ishoo*, which had all been simplified in pronunciation though not in spelling, have during the final period been recast to accord more closely with the spelling, so that now too frequently we hear *Indian*, *often*, and *issue* pronounced as spelled.

Not all linguistic change is an unmixed advantage, to be sure. Local dialects do not contribute toward the internationalization of speech, nor has every other deviation from standard English helped toward the Saxon ideal of starkness and terseness. There is no doubt, however, that linguistic change has on the whole been a boon to users of English. Who can contemplate our adjective with its one unvarying form, *good*, *bad*, *hot*, *cold*, and then compare the ten forms of each Anglo-Saxon adjective, without admitting that changes such as this have been beneficial to English?

If it could be proved that during the middle period English achieved all the changes necessary to make it a perfect medium of spoken or written thought, then of course we might acquiesce comfortably in attempts to hold English permanently in one mold. But in the nature of things this cannot be true. English cannot reasonably be regarded as a complete and perfect creation; any school-boy finds it too easy to pick holes in its methods of spelling, of pronouncing, and of putting words together. English still needs change, and plenty of it.

It is noticeable that the more one knows of the history of the English language, the more tolerant he is apt to become of those who know nothing of the rules and rigidities of the schools, but who speak as the genius of the language gives them voice. Indeed, how could anyone contemplating *had* as the stark, terse survivor of *habbadedeima*, *habbadedum*, and the rest, quarrel with the youngster who says *gonna* or *atta-boy*? How can one who realizes clearly the process by which English has attained its present degree of effectiveness, oppose a continuance of that process? May it not be possible that the guardians of the purity of the English language are mistaken in opposing all linguistic innovation with one breath, while with the next they laud the results of linguistic mistakes made by uncounted poor ignorant speakers of centuries ago? May not the genius of the English language really be wiser than its professors?

It seems almost unnecessary to give a detailed account of the linguistic simplifications which are opposed by the schools, but we may consider *gonna* for *going-to* as an epitome of all. Now *gonna* has nothing in its sound to condemn it. It is a pretty word, far more euphonious than *going-to* with its awkward juxtaposition of *ng* and *t*. Secondly, *gonna* is perfectly clear in meaning. It may be a mumble, but it is an entirely comprehensible mumble. No one hearing *I'm gonna town* would mistake the speaker's import.

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Moreover, in some of its uses, e. g., *I'm gonna read*, *gonna* gives English a new method of forming a future tense, and so eliminates the difficulties of *shall* and *will*, themselves linguistic parvenus of an earlier day. *Gonna* is uninflected; it has but one form for all the numbers and both persons. If we take as pronouns *Im*, *your*, *hes*, instead of the conventional *I*, *you*, *he*, we arrive with the aid of *gonna* at a novel and most interesting grammatical structure, which might well be an improvement upon our present somewhat clumsy methods of indicating future time.

WHAT then are the arguments opposed to *gonna?*

First, you may say it is not traditional. But indeed it is. It is in the very oldest and best tradition of English speech, the tradition of linguistic change and progress.

Second, it is not pronounced as it is spelled. If we spell *going-to*, we must not say *gonna*. But why spell *going-to*? Why not spell *gonna*?

Third, you may say that *gonna* is not good grammar. True, it is not good 1880 grammar, but then, 1880 grammar is very bad 1480 grammar. If *gonna* is good 1940 grammar, who cares about 1880?

Finally, you may remark crushingly, "*Gonna* is merely a localism and is not used by persons of pretensions to culture. Indeed, you yourself would neither use it nor teach it to your children." And here, if anywhere, you have me. It is true that I neither use *gonna* nor encourage my children in its use. But this is because I follow the convention of my group, just as I have shiny shoes because others do; whereas if unshiny shoes are accepted, I have those.

And note this. My reason for eschewing *gonna*, *coupla*, and other interesting and reasonable locutions, is a matter of fashion. My reasons for preferring them go deeper and have regard for considerations of intrinsic linguistic worth. Hence, if *gonna* is able in any degree to emerge from the class where it is now current and to become even slightly respectable, I too shall embrace it. I may not flout the schools altogether, but I will contribute my mite wherever possible, toward loosening the shackles which they have laid upon English speech.

In the same way, I believe *doncha* is a linguistic improvement over *don't-you*, *didja* over *did-you*, and *howja* over *how-do-you*. My heart if not my practice is with those pioneers who drop the *ly*, needless for comprehensibility, and say *go slow* and *speak correct*, instead of the older forms. I believe English would be improved if we said *I go*, *you go*, *he go*, or else *I goes*, *you goes*, *he goes*, with the many artless speakers who do that very thing.

I SHOULD like to see some learned body undertake a Survey of Tomorrow's English, which would assemble these outcast waifs of speech and decide with authority which of them are improvements over today's English, and which are not. We might even have a United States Bureau of Words much as we now have a United States Committee on Place Names. Such a bureau would pursue a dynamic rather than a static course in its recommendations. It would make linguistic prog-

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ress conscious. It would be capable of laying down the law to the Talkies as a British committee is doing to the British Broadcasting Corporation; and it would certainly give a measure of ease to the countless toiling school-children continuously being bound to the chariot wheels of linguistic tradition.

Thanks to the comic strip, the radio, the talkies, and an increasing tendency of educated people to cling to their speech errors, English (at least American English) is again becoming fluid after centuries of grammarian crystallization. Signs are not wanting that many of the linguistic inefficiencies from which we suffer will be eliminated in the course of time. Mumbling may again have its patient work, and evolve an English language nearer to the ideal.

Sometimes, when I visualize the results which might have accrued had the schools and the grammarians always been as powerful as they are today, I have what amounts to a nightmare. I see a Late Primitive Germanic classroom, with little Johnny Horsa (the cousin of Tommy Hengest, with whom he later takes that trip to England) on the floor. "Don't mumble," the teacher is admonishing. "Pronounce every syllable distinctly, and for goodness' sake, don't get your habbadedeimas mixed with your habbadedums!"

Her efforts are successful. Johnny, Tommy, and all the Johnnies and Tommies thereafter, follow her rules. The purity of Late Primitive Germanic is preserved even to the present day!

Then I awake shivering.

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The Why of the Fan

By A. A. Brill, M.D.

America's football mania and the worship of sporting heroes justified against the cynics by a psychiatrist who believes that many of us might better watch games oftener and play them less

Are you a fan? Does many a summer afternoon find you shouting for the home team at the ball park itself or in the crowd around the bulletin board and the loud speaker? Does the World Series mean more to you than the fate of nations? Now that twilight descends on the diamond and the dawn of a brief but crowded day rises over the gridiron, will you frequently join the stadium crowds and strain your vocal cords under the sway of a gymnastic cheer leader? Are you to be found in the gallery that presses around Bobby Jones or Johnny Farrell? Do you cry for blood at the ringside?

In short, are you a fan? It is altogether to be hoped, for your psychic health and well-being, that you are. In fact, and in spite of the advice and warnings so freely offered by alarmists and loose thinkers, it is equally desirable for your physical health. Faddists, fanatics and busybodies — some of them with M.D.'s after their names — are forever telling us that when we take our excitement, adventures and sports vicariously, we do our bodies no good, and at least by omission may do them harm. Deny yourselves, cry these Jeremiahs, the vain joy of watching the Babe put them over the fence or the foolish ecstasy of yelling "Hold 'em, Yale!"

Instead of merely watching games, play them — instead of being a spectator, be a doer! Vigorous physical exercise, according to these theorists, is necessary to health; the modern office worker, from the executive who is always "in conference" to the humblest clerk or bookkeeper, gets no exercise during business hours, and even the skilled mechanic has been relieved, by all-but-human machines, of the need for muscular exertion; therefore, it is plausibly argued, we all should get out and play golf, tennis, handball — we all should swim, hike, ride — anything rather than swelter in the grandstand or broil on the bleachers. The physical culturists who exhort us in this vein are ardently seconded by economists who deplore the waste of precious time, by sociologists who

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lament that the frivolity of sport should divert us from the great problems of society, and by the young intelligentzia who sneer at mass-mindedness and the herd instinct.

With due deference to all of these learned gentry, they are wrong on all counts. So is your wife when she grumbles over dinner grown cold because you couldn't tear yourself away from ball park or stadium while a chance remained for another run or a last minute touchdown. Vigorous physical activity is by no means an invariably sound prescription for the man whose normal occupation is sedentary or inactive, and indeed it may be distinctly dangerous. Besides, no matter how much the doctrinaires may urge him, the average man, for perfectly simple psychological reasons, just will not muster much enthusiasm for the idea of getting out and playing instead of watching the game. On the other hand, through the operation of the psychological laws of identification and catharsis, the thoroughgoing fan is distinctly benefited mentally, physically and morally by spectator-participation in his favorite sport. And his wife might find him a much less pleasant animal to have around the house, when he was there, if he did not absent himself from time to time to let off the accumulated steam of ancient instincts.

To understand the psychology of the fan, let us first examine the origin and reason for athletic games — for all games, in fact, since bridge and chess and parchesi spring from the same root as baseball, football, tennis and boxing. That root is what psychoanalysis calls the "aggressive component," which in turn is an active expression of the "mastery impulse" — the "*bemachtigungstrieb*," as the mouth-filling German has it. Every human being, every animal indeed, is born with this mastery impulse and this aggressive component because they are the primary weapons in the fight for survival. For great numbers of the human family the conditions of life have relaxed so that the reality of the struggle has almost been lost sight of; but the old instincts are there, ready to be called upon in time of need. Meanwhile this primary instinct — the aggressive component — must have exercise. For this purpose man has invented games, which are simply artificial struggles, contests, sometimes artificial dangers.

Among the animals there is practically no play after the days of cubhood. The animal is much too busy foraging for itself and its family. Primitive man likewise was too busy to feel any need of games. It was only when civilization brought periods of peace and security to certain nations that games were invented; and the ancestry of sport is written very plainly in the fact that the first games among all nations were simple imitations of the typical acts of warriors and huntsmen. The pleasure-principle was not the motive of games, but rather a discovery stumbled on in the course of playing. Even today, when we think we play for pleasure, we are being benevolently duped by life which holds out pleasure as a kind of alluring premium for activity which is necessary to the preservation of the vital aggressive component.

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For as human society took on its present outlines, with the majority of men primarily organized for peaceful labor and normally free from the shadow of possible death at the hands of an enemy, the aggressive component tended to become atrophied. The spread of Hindu and Buddhist quietism in the East, and of Christian morality in the West — both of them efforts to make secure the respite won from primitive struggle — greatly furthered the softening process. The ideal of physical strength and the exaltation of beauty and of pride which grew out of strength were replaced by an ideal of weakness and an exaltation of ugliness and humility for the sake of favor in the sight of God.

But life organized too well becomes monotonous; too much peace and security breed boredom; and old instincts, bred into the very cells of the body, though occasionally transcended by the rare saint and martyr, still move the masses of normal men. Games and sports, often frowned on, sometimes banned, have survived as a human institution and today are firmly established over almost the whole earth because they are necessary substitutes for the old struggle of tooth and claw—necessary by-paths and outlets for the aggressive component.

Related to this is the fact that games and sports give us opportunity to satisfy the exhibition instinct. If today a man of puny body but powerful mind can rise to leadership, nevertheless our race-memory still exalts physical strength and prowess by which alone, in older days, primacy could be achieved in tribe and clan. An example of the persistence of this thought came to my attention in the case of a certain Irishman obsessed by a harmless delusion.

Big in stature and of great physical strength, Liam came of a family of athletes, had been a man of prowess in his youth, and later had written sports news for the press. Brooding once upon some grievous troubles of his own and upon the trials of his native land, he had come to the conclusion that the only thing that would save Ireland would be for her people to acknowledge their rightful king. And who was the rightful King of Ireland? None other than Liam himself, because the only man fit to be King of Ireland was he who could prove himself the best horseman in that ancient land of cavaliers — and Liam was fanatically confident that he could sit a horse more in the manner of old Finn MacCool than any other Irishman living in these degenerate times.

Here plainly was a case of a man whom the restrictions of modern life had deprived of the activity and scope, the triumphs and *réclame*, which his physical equipment would have won him under more primitive conditions, dreaming himself into an exalted position as compensation, and revelling, in fancy, in the applause and reverence of multitudes. The same desire to be looked up to — the instinct to strut and "show off" — lurks in the mind of every athlete, as today, in fact, in the minds of those who strive for proficiency in bridge or cross-word puzzles. The element of artificial danger, obviously present in football and fisticuffs, has disappeared from

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the quiet contests around a table, but the related exhibitionist instinct is still present.

The reference to the exhibition element leads us directly to the explanation of why the great majority of adults prefer to watch games rather than play them — and why the crowd at a single World Series game outnumbers, I should suppose, all the players on all the golf links in the country in a week. It is the ancient and undying itch for supremacy which drives people to the bleachers, the stadiums and the ringside; for the great majority, unable to surpass and shine, unable to become champions and heroes, prefer the vicarious triumph of a chosen idol to the dull level of mediocrity. It is not laziness which makes ninety-nine fans to one player; it is not even the difficulty of inventing and providing games for multitudes of players, for that could be solved easily enough if there were the will for it. No! It is the fact that an ancient instinct — and a very sound one — impels the average man to identify himself with Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey and Red Grange, with Bill Tilden and Walter Hagen and Johnny Weismuller, rather than to play himself, without distinction, or contest without reaping the sweet reward of applause.

THE more the individual is removed from the necessity of struggle, the greater the security afforded by peace, rank, position and wealth, the more marked is likely to be the tendency toward identification with some hero selected because of his proficiency in a sport requiring physical prowess. I knew the family of a very wealthy man, who had every advantage and luxury which affluence could provide; and the six children of this family lived, breathed and existed every summer wholly in and for the triumphs of Christy Mathewson. Identification with the hero or heroes will sometimes take extreme and amusing forms. I have a friend who has with difficulty curbed a habit which used to get him into a good deal of trouble. He is a football fan; and whenever one of the backs of his college team got an opening and started a long run, my friend would jump up and dash down the narrow aisle parallel to the player, elbowing and treading on the feet of all who were in his way.

THE fact of the matter is that sports are a great and necessary catharsis, indispensable to civilized man — a salutary purgation of the combative instincts which, if damned up within him, would break out in disastrous ways. In the Russia of pre-Soviet days there was little play, few sports; and the result was that the *moujik* as a matter of regular routine got drunk on vodka and then beat his wife. In Germany, war-torn for centuries, and compelled to maintain a military system which absorbed so much of the energies of its young and middle-aged men, athletics languished up to the time of the Great War; but in a disarmed Germany athletics flourish. In England, on the other hand, protected by its insularity from war upon its own soil, with only a fraction of its manpower able to find outlet for aggressive instincts in mercenary military service or foreign adventure, sports have long flourished as a national institution; and the notable good

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nature of the average individual Englishman can be attributed, I believe, to the fact that this militant people have constantly found catharsis in sports. But note the fact that in England, as in America, few players and huge gatherings of spectators is the rule. For the salutary catharsis cannot be achieved without satisfaction of the mastery impulse and the exhibition desire. To play the game, win or lose, would serve our physical need; but only triumph, the downing of an opponent, the chrism of applause, can preserve our psychic health. That is why I, for instance, gave up playing golf. The exercise, the walking and the rhythmic swing of the arms were good for my body; but my inability to turn in a card below one hundred was bad for my ego. I obtain more pleasure as a fight fan. It is better for me. Even if my man takes the count of ten, I have achieved purgation by identifying myself with him in a few tense moments of the most elementary of all kinds of strife. If my man lands the knockout punch, my ego struts within me. Not only that, but unconsciously my appetite is sharpened, my digestion is toned up, the rhythm of my breathing is deeper, my very muscles feel a flow of power.

THIS is not an exaggeration of the extent to which the spectator may identify himself with the hero. Far from it. Only a short time ago, during the Dempsey-Tunney fight, two fans, not even spectators, but merely auditors of the blow-by-blow story as told by the vivid Mr. Graham MacNamee over the radio, fell dead of excitement as they listened.

While I am on the subject of prize fighting, let me leave no doubt that I believe this sport, at which many nice people shudder because of its brutality, serves the same psychologically prophylactic purpose as the more reputable baseball, football or tennis. Being myself a fight fan, I have had much opportunity for observation. When a fight is swift and savage the crowd departs happy and good-tempered, even if the action has lasted but two or three minutes. I remember this to have been true, for instance, after the Dempsey-Carpentier "battle of the century". That was all over "in no time", but because it was fast and furious while it lasted, everyone was happy.

IT IS complained that boxing matches bring together underworld denizens, gunmen, yeggmen and the like. It is also true that the emoluments and kudos of clerical life attract Elmer Gantrys to the cloth, and there was once a Borgia on the throne of St. Peter. Whatever thugs and criminals may gather at the ringside, they are not the true fans; and I am convinced that no fight fan could be a criminal, for in his favorite sport he finds the most thorough purgation of the more violent instincts. It is a commonplace that lynchings occur and the Ku Klux Klan flourishes in those sections of the land where active participants in sports, and sporting fans are alike scarcest.

The whole human race has been benefited down the ages by this purgative effect of sports. Observe that the young child, the only natural and purely instinctive human being, has no sportsmanship and no generosity in his games. The child will take ad-

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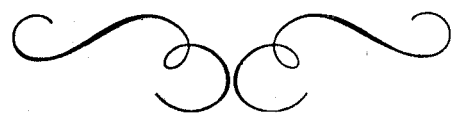
vantage of its opponent and will wail and cry when it loses. To it the contest is grim reality, until advancing years, adult example, social pressure modify its reactions. That the contestant in a game or sport can forego an accidental advantage and the spectator cheer him for it — that the loser can smile and congratulate his vanquisher — these are among the major achievements of the human race.

So I conclude that our national habit of watching rather than playing games, despite all the head-shaking of physical culturists and economists, sociologists and intellectuals, is a salutary habit. The life of man in America or in any of the industrialized countries today, laboring on the farm, in the factory, in the office, is not the natural life of man. He is still an animal formed for battle and conquest, for blows and strokes and swiftness, for triumph and applause. The need of these things cannot be satisfied, for the vast majority, by participation in games, because only a few can triumph and surpass; and those whose lot is mediocrity will not persist, no matter how much they may be exhorted. Here psychological instinct joins hands with hygienic instinct, and prevents men who are past the physically exuberant years of youth from indulging in violent exercise, which, in most cases, would merely be harmful. The man who sits quietly in an office chair or stands passively at a machine all week does himself no good if on the seventh day he suddenly calls upon muscles, lungs, heart and nerves to exert themselves suddenly and violently. But let him join the crowd around the diamond, the gridiron, the tennis court or the ring, and watch the college boys who are not yet chained to the social-industrial machine, or some of the small class of professional athletes, play out the games which mimic the stern and dangerous contests of primitive times. Let him identify himself with his favorite fighter, player or team. He will purge himself of impulses which too much dammed up would lead to private broils and public disorders. He will achieve exaltation, vicarious but real. He will be a better individual, a better citizen, a better husband and father.



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The Doom of the Darnaways

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

England's master of paradox calls upon his famous Father Brown to solve a weird mystery with a subtle twist

Two painters stood looking at a landscape, which was also a seascape, and both were curiously impressed by it, though their impressions were not exactly the same. To one of them, who was a rising artist from London, it was new as well as unaccustomed. To the other, who was a local artist, but something more than a mere provincial celebrity, it was better known; yet the scene was perhaps all the more strange for what he knew of it.

In terms of tone and form, as these men saw it, it was a stretch of sands against a stretch of sunset, the whole scene lying in strips of sombre color, dead green and bronze and a drab that was not merely dull, but in that gloaming in some way more mysterious than gold. All that broke these level lines was a long building which ran out from the fields into the sea, so that its fringe of dreary weeds and rushes seemed almost to meet the seaweed. But its most singular feature was that the upper part of it had the rugged outlines of a ruin, pierced by so many wide windows and large rents as to be a mere dark skeleton against the dying light; while the lower bulk of the building had hardly any windows at all, most of them being blind and bricked up and their outlines only faintly traceable in the twilight. But one window at least was still a window and, oddest of all, it showed a light.

"Who on earth can live in that old shell?" exclaimed the Londoner, who was a big bohemian-looking man, young but with a shaggy red beard that made him look older; Chelsea knew him familiarly as Harry Payne.

"Ghosts, you might suppose," replied his friend Martin Wood. "Well, the people who live there really are rather like ghosts."

It was perhaps a paradox that the London artist seemed almost bucolic in his boisterous freshness and wonder, while the local artist, a more shrewd and experienced person, regarded the other with mature and amiable amusement; indeed the latter was altogether a quieter and more conventional figure, wearing darker clothes and with his square and stolid face clean-shaven.

"It is only a sign of the times, of course," he went on, "or of the passing of old times and old families

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with them. The last of the great Darnaways are living in that house; and not many of the new poor are as reduced as they are. They can't even afford to make their own top-story habitable; but have to live in the lower rooms of a ruin, like bats and owls. Yet they have family portraits that go back to the Wars of the Roses and the first portrait painting in England, and very fine some of them are. I happen to know because they asked for my professional advice in overhauling them. There's one picture especially, one of the earliest — but it's so good that it gives you the creeps."

"The whole place gives you the creeps, I should think by the look of it," replied Payne.

"Well," said his friend, "to tell you the truth, it does."

THE silence that followed was stirred by a faint rustle among the rushes by the moat; and it gave them, irrationally enough, a slight nervous start when a dark figure brushed along the bank, moving rapidly and almost like a startled bird. But it was only a man walking briskly with a black bag in his hand; a man with a long sallow face and sharp eyes that glanced at the London stranger in a slightly darkling and suspicious manner.

"It's only Dr. Barnet," said Wood with a sort of relief. "Good evening, Doctor. Are you going up to the house? I hope nobody's ill."

"Everybody's always ill in a place like this," growled the doctor, "only sometimes they're too ill to know it. The very air of the place is a blight and a pestilence. I don't envy the young man from Australia."

"And who," asked Payne abruptly and rather absently, "may the young man from Australia be?"

"Ah," snorted the doctor, "hasn't your friend told you about him? As a matter of fact I believe he is arriving today. Quite a romance in the old style of melodrama; the heir coming back from the Colonies to his ruined castle; all complete even down to an old family compact for his marrying the lady watching in the ivied tower. Queer old stuff, isn't it? But it really happens sometimes. He's even got a little money, which is the only bright spot there ever was in this business."

"WHAT does Miss Darnaway herself, in her ivied tower, think of the business?" asked Martin Wood dryly.

"The same that she thinks of everything else by this time," replied the doctor. "They don't think in this weedy old den of superstitions; they only dream and drift. I believe she accepts the family contract and the Colonial husband as part of the Doom of the Darnaways, don't you know. I really think that if he turned out to be a hump-backed Negro with one eye and a homicidal mania, she would only think it added a finishing touch and fitted in with the twilight scenery."

"You're not giving my friend from London a very lively picture of my friends in the country," said Wood laughing. "I had intended taking him there to call; no artist ought to miss those Darnaway portraits if he gets the chance. But perhaps I'd better postpone it, if they're in the midst of the Australian invasion."

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"Oh, do go in and see them, for the Lord's sake," said Barnet warmly. "Anything that will brighten their blighted lives will make my task easier. It will need a good many Colonial cousins to cheer things up, I should think; and the more the merrier. Come, I'll take you in myself."

AS THEY drew nearer to the house it was seen to be isolated like an island in a moat of brackish water which they crossed by a bridge. On the other side spread a fairly wide stony floor or embankment with great cracks across it in which little tufts of weed and thorn sprouted here and there. This rock platform looked large and bare in the gray twilight; and Payne could hardly have believed that such a corner of space could have contained so much of the soul of a wilderness. This platform only jutted out on one side, like a giant door-step and beyond it was the door; a very low-browed Tudor archway standing open but dark, like a cave. When the brisk doctor led them inside without ceremony, Payne had, as it were, another shock of depression. He could have expected to find himself mounting to a very ruinous tower, by very narrow winding staircases; but in this case the first steps into the house were actually downward. They went down several short and broken stairways into large twilight rooms which, but for their lines of dark pictures and dusty bookshelves, might have been the traditional dungeons beneath the castle moat.

Here and there a candle in an old candle-stick lit up some dusty accidental detail of a dead elegance; but the visitor was not so much impressed, or depressed, by this artificial light as by the one pale gleam of natural light. As he passed down the long room he saw the only window in that wall, a curious low oval window of a late Seventeenth Century fashion. But the strange thing about it was that it did not look out directly on any space of sky but only on a reflection of sky; a pale strip of daylight merely mirrored in the moat, under the hanging shadow of the bank. Payne had a memory of the Lady of Shallot who never saw the world outside except in a mirror. The lady of this Shallot not only in some sense saw the world in a mirror, but even saw the world upside down.

"It's as if the house of Darnaway were falling literally as well as metaphorically," said Wood in a low voice; "as if it were sinking slowly into a swamp or a quicksand; until the sea goes over it like a green roof."

EVEN the sturdy Dr. Barnet started a little at the soundless approach of the figure that came to receive them. Indeed the room was so silent that they were all startled to realize that it was not empty. There were three people in it when they entered; three dim figures motionless in the room; all three dressed in black and looking like dark shadows. As the foremost figure drew nearer the gray light from the window he showed a face that looked almost as toneless as its frame of hair.

This was old Vine, the steward, long left in *loco parentis* since the death of that eccentric, the last Lord Darnaway. He would have been a handsome old man if he had had no teeth. As it was he had one,

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which showed every now and then and gave him a rather sinister appearance. He received the doctor and his friend with a fine courtesy and escorted them to where the other two figures in black were seated. One of them seemed to Payne to give another appropriate touch of gloomy antiquity to the castle by the mere fact of being a Roman Catholic priest, who might have come out of a priest's hole in the dark old days. Payne could imagine him muttering prayers or telling beads or tolling bells or doing a number of indistinct and melancholy things in that melancholy place. Just then he might be supposed to have been giving religious consolation to the lady; but it could hardly be supposed that the consolation was very consoling, or at any rate that it was very cheering. For the rest, the priest was personally insignificant enough, with plain and rather expressionless features; but the lady was a very different matter. Her face was far from being plain or insignificant; it stood out from the darkness of her dress and hair and background with a pallor that was almost awful but with a beauty that was tensely alive. Payne looked at it as long as he dared.

Wood merely exchanged with his friends such pleasant and polite phrases as would lead up to his purpose of revisiting the portraits. He apologized for calling on the day which he heard was to be one of family welcome; but he was soon convinced that the family was rather mildly relieved to have visitors to distract them or break the shock. He did not hesitate therefore to lead Payne through the central reception room into the library beyond, where hung the portrait; for there was one which he was especially bent on showing, not only as a picture but almost as a puzzle. The little priest trudged along with them; he seemed to know something about old pictures as well as about old prayers.

"I'm rather proud of having spotted this," said Wood. "I believe it's a Holbein. If it isn't there was somebody living in Holbein's time who was as great as Holbein."

It was a portrait in the hard but sincere and living fashion of the period, representing a man clad in black trimmed with gold and fur, with a heavy, full, rather pale face but watchful eyes.

"What a pity art couldn't have stopped forever at just that transition stage," cried Wood, "and never transitioned any more. Don't you see it's just realistic enough to be real? Don't you see the face speaks all the more because it stands out from a rather stiffer framework of less essential things? And the eyes are even more real than the face. On my soul, I think the eyes are too real for the face! It's just as if those sly quick eyeballs were protruding out of a great pale mask."

"The stiffness extends to the figure a little, I think," said Payne. "They hadn't quite mastered anatomy when mediævalism ended, at least in the North. That left leg looks to me a good deal out of drawing."

"I'm not so sure," replied Wood quietly. "Those fellows who painted just when realism began to be done, and before it began to be overdone, were often more realistic than we think. They put real details of

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portraiture into things that are thought merely conventional. You might say this fellow's eyebrows or eye-sockets are a little lop-sided; but I bet if you knew him you'd find that one of his eye-brows did really stick up more than the other. And I shouldn't wonder if he was lame or something, and that leg was meant to be crooked."

"What an old devil he looks!" burst out Payne suddenly. "I trust his reverence will excuse my language."

"I believe in the devil, thank you," said the priest with an inscrutable face. "Curiously enough, there was a legend that the devil was lame."

"I say," protested Payne, "you can't really mean that this fellow was the devil; but who the devil was he?"

"He was the Lord Darnaway under Henry VII and Henry VIII," replied his companion. "But there are curious legends about him, too; one of them is referred to in that inscription around the frame, and further developed in some notes left by somebody in a book I found here. They are both rather odd reading."

PAYNE leaned forward, craning his head so as to follow the archaic inscription on the frame. Leaving out the antiquated lettering and spelling it seemed to be a sort of rhyme running somewhat thus:

In the seventh heir I shall return
In the seventh hour I shall depart
None in that hour shall hold my hand
And woe to her that holds my heart.

"It sounds creepy somehow," said Payne, "but that may be partly because I don't understand a word of it."

"It's pretty creepy even when you do," said Wood in a low voice. "The record made at a later date in the old book I found is all about how this beauty deliberately killed himself in such a way that his wife was executed for his murder. Another note commemorates a second tragedy, seven successions later under the Georges, in which another Darnaway committed suicide having first thoughtfully left poison in his wife's wine. It's said that both suicides took place at seven in the evening. I suppose the inference is that he does really return with every seventh inheritor and makes things pleasant, as the rhyme suggests, for any lady unwise enough to marry him."

"On that argument," replied Payne, "it would be a trifle uncomfortable for the next seventh gentleman."

WOOD's voice was lower still as he said, "The new heir will be the seventh."

Harry Payne suddenly heaved up his great chest and shoulders like a man flinging off a burden.

"What crazy stuff are we all talking?" he cried. "We're educated men in an enlightened age, I suppose. Before I came into this damned dank atmosphere I'd never have believed I should be talking of such things, except to laugh at them."

"You are right," said Wood, "if you lived long enough in this underground palace you'd begin to feel differently about things. I've begun to feel very curiously about that picture, having had so much to do with handling and hanging it. It sometimes seems to me that the painted face is more alive than the dead

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faces of the people living here; that it is a sort of talisman or magnet; that it commands the elements and draws out the destinies of men and things. I suppose you would call it very fanciful."

"WHAT is that noise?" cried Payne suddenly.

They all listened and there seemed to be no noise except the dull boom of the distant sea; then they began to have the sense of something mingling with it; something like a voice calling through the sound of the surf; dulled by it at first but coming nearer and nearer. The next moment they were certain; someone was shouting outside in the dusk.

Payne turned to the low window behind him and bent to look out. It was the window from which nothing could be seen except the moat with its reflection of bank and sky. But that inverted vision was not the same that he had seen before. From the hanging shadow of the bank in the water depended two dark shadows reflected from the feet and legs of a figure standing above upon the bank. Through that limited aperture they could see nothing but the two legs black against the reflection of a pale and livid sunset. But somehow that very fact of the head being invisible, as if in the clouds, gave something dreadful to the sound that followed; the voice of a man crying aloud what they could not properly hear or understand. Payne especially was peering out of the little window with an altered face and he spoke with a changed voice.

"How queerly he's standing!"

"No, no," said Wood, in a sort of soothing whisper, "things often look like that in reflection. It's the wavering of the water that makes you think that."

"Think what?" asked the priest shortly.

"That his left leg is crooked," said Wood.

Payne had thought of the oval window as a sort of mystical mirror; and it seemed to him that there were in it other inscrutable images of doom. There was something else beside the figure that he did not understand; three thinner legs showing in dark lines against the light, as if some monstrous three-legged spider or bird were standing beside the stranger. Then he had the less crazy thought of a tripod like that of the heathen oracles; and the next moment the thing had vanished and the legs of the human figure passed out of the picture.

He turned to meet the pale face of old Vine, the steward, with his mouth open eagerly to speak and his single tooth showing.

"He has come," he said. "The boat arrived from Australia this morning."

EVEN as they went back out of the library into the central salon, they heard the footsteps of the newcomer clattering down the entrance steps, while various items of light luggage trailed behind. When Payne saw the bags, he laughed with a reaction of relief. The tripod was nothing but the telescopic legs of a portable camera, easily packed and unpacked; and the man who was carrying it seemed so far to take on equally solid and normal qualities. He was dressed in dark clothes but of a careless and holiday sort, his

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shirt was of gray flannel and his boots echoed uncompromisingly enough in those still chambers; as he strode forward to greet his new circle his stride had scarcely more than the suggestion of a limp. But Payne and his companions were looking at his face, and could scarcely take their eyes from it.

HE EVIDENTLY felt there was something curious and uncomfortable about his reception; but they could have sworn that he did not himself know the cause of it. The lady supposed to be in some sense already betrothed to him was certainly beautiful enough to attract him; but she evidently also frightened him. The old steward who brought him a sort of feudal homage, yet treated him as if he were the family ghost. The priest still looked at him with a face which was quite undecipherable, and therefore perhaps all the more unnerving. A new sort of irony, more like the Greek irony, began to pass over Payne's mind. He had dreamed of the stranger as a devil, but it seemed almost worse that he was an unconscious destiny. He seemed to march towards crime with the monstrous innocence of Œdipus. He had approached the family mansion in so blindly buoyant a spirit as to have set up his camera to photograph his first sight of it; and even the camera had taken on the semblance of the tripod of a tragic pythoness.

Payne was surprised, when taking his leave a little while after, at something which showed that the Australian was already less unconscious of his surroundings. He said in a low voice, "Don't go . . . or come again soon. You look like a human being. This place fairly gives me the jumps."

Thus it came about that Payne and his friend saw a good deal of the inside of that dark house during the week or two which preceded its crowning and most mysterious catastrophe. Payne felt a little guilty about going so often; for he was already conscious of the magnet that drew him; and was not very clear about his own standing in face of the alleged family compact of marriage. Strangely enough, it was upon this very point that the new heir himself asked for enlightenment; calling a sort of family council at which he put his cards on the table.

IT MIGHT be said that he flung down his cards on the table. For he did it with a rather desperate air, like one who had been harassed for days and nights by the increasing pressure of a problem. In that short time the shadows of that place of low windows and sinking pavements had curiously changed him and increased a certain resemblance that crept through all their memories. The five men, including the doctor, were sitting around a table; and Payne was idly reflecting that his own light tweeds and red hair must be the only colors in the room; for the priest and the steward were in black and Wood and Darnaway habitually wore dark gray suits that looked almost like black. Perhaps this incongruity had been what the Australian had meant by calling him a human being. At that moment the young man himself turned abruptly in his chair and began to talk, and the dazed artist grasped that he was talking about the tremendously inscrutable thing.

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"Is there anything in it?" he was saying. "That is what I've come to asking myself till I'm nearly crazy. I'd never have believed I should come to thinking of such things; but I remember the portrait and the rhyme and the coincidences or whatever you call them and — I go cold. Is there anything in it? Is there any Doom of the Darnaways or only a damned queer accident? Have I a right to marry or shall I bring something that I know nothing about on myself and on somebody else?"

His eye had roamed round the table and rested on the plain face of the priest, to whom he now seemed to be speaking. Payne's submerged sense of practicality rose in protest against the problem of superstition being brought before that supremely superstitious tribunal. He was sitting next to Darnaway and answered him before the priest could reply.

"Well, the coincidences are curious, I admit," he said, rather forcing a note of cheerfulness, "but surely we —" And then he stopped as if he had been struck by lightning. For Darnaway had turned his head sharply over his shoulder at the interruption, and with the movement his left eyebrow jerked up far above its fellow; and for an instant the face of the portrait glared at him with a ghastly exaggeration of exactitude. The rest saw it; and all had the air of having been dazzled by an instant of light. The old steward gave a hollow groan.

"It is no good," he said hoarsely, "we are dealing with something too terrible."

"Yes," assented the priest in a low voice, "we are dealing with something terrible; with the most impossible thing I know — and the name of it is nonsense."

"What did you say?" said Darnaway, still looking toward him.

"I said nonsense," repeated the priest. "I have not said anything in particular up to now; for it was none of my business; I was only taking temporary duty in the neighborhood and Miss Darnaway wanted to see me. But since you're asking me personally and pointblank, why it's easy enough to answer. Of course there's no Doom of the Darnaways to prevent your marrying anybody you have any decent reason for marrying. A man isn't fated to fall into the smallest venial sin, let alone into crimes like suicide and murder. You can't be made to do wicked things against your will because your name is Darnaway, any more than I can because my name is Brown. The Doom of the Browns," he added with relish. "The 'Weird of the Browns' would sound even better."

"And you of all people," repeated the Australian staring, "tell me to think like that about it."

"I TELL you to think about something else," replied the priest cheerfully. "What has become of the rising art of photography? How is the camera getting on? I know it's rather dark downstairs, but those hollow arches on the floor above could easily be turned into a first-rate photographic studio. A few workmen could fit it out with a glass roof in no time."

"Really," protested Martin Wood, "I do think you should be the last man in the world to tinker with

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those beautiful Gothic arches, which are about the best work your own sect has ever done in the world. I should have thought you'd have had some feeling for that sort of art; but I can't see why you should be so uncommonly keen on photography."

"I'm uncommonly keen on daylight," answered Father Brown, "especially in this dingy business; and photography has the virtue of depending on daylight. And if you don't know that I would grind all the Gothic arches in the world to powder to save the sanity of a single human soul, you don't know so much about my religion as you think you do."

The young Australian had sprung to his feet like a man rejuvenated.

"By George, that's the talk!" he cried; "though I never thought to hear it from that quarter. I'll tell you what, reverend sir, I'll do something that will show I haven't lost my courage after all."

The old steward was still looking at him with quaking watchfulness, as if he felt something *fey* about the young man's defiance. "Oh," he cried, "what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to photograph the portrait," replied Darnaway.

YET it was barely a week afterward that the storm of the catastrophe seemed to stoop out of the sky, darkening that sun of sanity to which the priest had appealed in vain, and plunging the mansion once more in the darkness of the Darnaway doom. It had been easy enough to fit up the new studio; and seen from inside it looked very like any other such studio, empty except for the fullness of the white light. A man coming from the gloomy rooms below had more than normally the sense of stepping into a more than modern brilliancy as blank as the future. At the suggestion of Wood, who knew the castle well and had got over his first æsthetic grumblings, a small room remaining intact in the upper ruins was easily turned into a dark room, into which Darnaway went out of the white daylight to grope by the crimson gleams of a red lamp. Wood said laughing that the red lamp had reconciled him to the vandalism; as that bloodshot darkness was as romantic as an alchemist's cave.

DARNAWAY had risen at daybreak on the day that he meant to photograph the mysterious portrait; and had it carried up from the library by the single corkscrew staircase that connected the two floors. There he had set it up in the wide white daylight on a sort of easel and planted his photographic tripod in front of it. He said he was anxious to send a reproduction of it to a great antiquary who had written on the antiquities of the house; but the others knew that this was an excuse covering much deeper things. It was, if not exactly a spiritual duel between Darnaway and the demoniac picture, at least a duel between Darnaway and his own doubts. He wanted to bring the daylight of photography face to face with that dark masterpiece of painting; and to see whether the sunshine of the new art would not drive out the shadows of the old.

Perhaps this was why he preferred to do it by himself; even if some of the details seemed to take longer and involve more than normal delay.

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Anyhow he rather discouraged the few who visited his studio during the day of the experiment, and who found him focussing and fussing about in a very isolated and impenetrable fashion. The steward had left a meal for him as he refused to come down; the old gentleman also returned some hours afterwards and found the meal more or less normally disposed of; but when he brought it he got no more gratitude than a grunt. Payne went up once to see how he was getting on, but finding the photographer disinclined for conversation came down again.

FATHER BROWN had also wandered that way in an unobtrusive style, to take Darnaway a letter from the expert to whom the photograph was to be sent. But he left the letter on a tray; and whatever he thought of that great glass house full of daylight and devotion to a hobby, a world he had himself in some sense created, he kept it to himself and came down. He had reason to remember very soon that he was the last to come down the solitary staircase connecting the floors, leaving a lonely man and an empty room behind him. The others were standing in the salon that led into the library; just under the great black ebony clock that looked like a titanic coffin.

"How was Darnaway getting on," asked Payne, a little later, "when you last went up?"

The priest passed a hand over his forehead. "Don't tell me I'm getting psychic," he said with a sad smile. "I believe I'm quite dazzled with daylight up in that room and couldn't see things straight. Honestly, I felt for a flash as if there were something uncanny about Darnaway's figure standing before that portrait."

"Oh, that's the lame leg," said Barnet promptly. "We know all about that."

"See here," said Payne abruptly but lowering his voice, "I don't think we do know all about it or anything about it. What's the matter with his leg? What was the matter with his ancestor's leg?"

"Oh, there's something about that in the book I was reading, in there, in the family archives," said Wood. "I'll fetch it for you;" and he stepped into the library just beyond.

"I think," said Father Brown quietly, "Mr. Payne must have some particular reason for asking that."

"I may as well blurt it out once and for all," said Payne, but in a yet lower voice. "After all, there is a rational explanation. A man from anywhere might have made up to look like the portrait. What do we know about Darnaway; he is behaving rather oddly —"

THE others were staring at him in a startled fashion; but the priest seemed to take it very calmly.

"I don't think the old portrait's ever been photographed," he said. "That's why he wants to do it; I don't think there's anything odd about that."

"Quite an ordinary state of things, in fact," said Wood with a smile; he had just returned with the book in his hand. And even as he spoke there was a stir in the clockwork of the great dark clock behind him and successive strokes thrilled through the room up to the number of seven.

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With the last stroke there came a crash from the floor above that shook the house like a thunderbolt; and Father Brown was already two steps up the winding staircase before the sound had ceased.

"My God!" cried Payne involuntarily, "he is alone up there!"

"Yes," said Father Brown without turning, as he vanished up the stairway. "We shall find him alone."

WHEN the rest recovered from their first paralysis and ran helter-skelter up the stone steps and found their way to the new studio, it was true in that sense that they found him alone. They found him lying in a wreck of his tall camera, with its long splintered legs standing out grotesquely at three different angles; and Darnaway had fallen on top of it with one black crooked leg lying at a fourth angle along the floor. For the moment the dark heap looked as if he were entangled with some huge and horrible spider. Little more than a glance and a touch were needed to tell them that he was dead. Only the portrait stood untouched upon the easel and one could fancy the smiling eyes shone.

An hour afterwards Father Brown, in helping to calm the confusion of the stricken household, came upon the old steward muttering as mechanically as the clock had ticked and struck the terrible hour. Almost without hearing them he knew what the muttered words must be.

> In the seventh heir I shall return
> In the seventh hour I shall depart . . .

As he was about to say something soothing, the old man seemed suddenly to start awake and stiffen into anger; his mutterings changed to a fierce cry.

"You!" he cried, "you and your daylight! Even you won't say now there is no doom for the Darnaways."

"My opinion about that is unchanged," said Father Brown mildly.

Then, after a pause he added, "I hope you will observe poor Darnaway's last wish; and see that the photograph is sent off."

"The photograph!" cried the doctor sharply. "What's the good of that? As a matter of fact, it's rather curious; but there isn't any photograph. It seems he never took it at all, after pottering about all day."

Father Brown swung round sharply. "Then take it yourselves," he said. "Poor Darnaway was perfectly right. It's most important that the photograph should be taken."

IT WAS more than a month later that Payne returned to his London house to keep an appointment with Father Brown, taking the required photograph with him. His personal romance had prospered as well as was fitting under the shadow of such a tragedy, and the shadow itself therefore lay rather more lightly on him; but it was hard to view it as anything but the shadow of a family fatality. In many ways he had been much occupied; and it was not until the Darnaway household had resumed its somewhat stern routine and the portrait had long been restored to its place in the library, that he had managed to photograph it with a magnesium flare. Before sending it to the antiquary as origi-

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nally arranged, he brought it to the priest who had so pressingly demanded it.

"I can't understand your attitude about all this, Father Brown," he said. "You act as if you had already solved the problem in some way of your own."

The priest shook his head mournfully. "Not a bit of it," he answered. "I must be very stupid, but I'm quite stuck; stuck about the most practical point of all. It's a queer business; so simple up to a point and then — let me have a look at that photograph will you?"

He held it close to his screwed short-sighted eyes for a moment and then said, "Have you got a magnifying glass?"

PAYNE produced one and the priest looked through it intently for some time and then said, "Do you see the title of that book at the edge of the bookshelf beside the frame; it's *The History of Pope Joan* . . . now I wonder . . . yes, by George; and the one above is something or other of Iceland. Lord! What a queer way to find it out! What a dolt and donkey I was not to notice it when I was there!"

"But what have you found out?" asked Payne impatiently.

"The last link," said Father Brown, "and I'm not stuck any longer. Yes, I think I now know how that wretched story went from first to last."

"But why?" insisted the other.

"Why because," said the priest with a smile, "the Darnaway library contained books about Pope Joan and Iceland, not to mention another I see with the title beginning *The Religion of Frederick* which is not so very hard to fill up." Then, seeing the other's annoyance his smile faded and he said more earnestly:

"As a matter of fact this last point, though it is the last link, is not the main business. There were much more curious things in the case than that. One of them is rather a curiosity of evidence. Let me begin by saying something that may surprise you. Darnaway did not die at seven o'clock that evening. He had been already dead for a whole day."

"SURPRISE is rather a mild word," said Payne grimly, "since you and I both saw him walking about afterwards."

"No, we did not," replied Father Brown quietly, "I think we both thought we saw him fussing about with the focussing of his camera. Wasn't his head under that black cloak when you passed through the room? It was when I did. And that's why I felt there was something queer about the room and the figure. It wasn't that the leg was crooked; but rather that it wasn't crooked. It was dressed in the same sort of dark clothes; but if you see what you believe to be one man, standing in the way that another man stands, you will think he's in a strange and strained attitude."

"Do you really mean," cried Payne with something like a shudder, "that it was some unknown man?"

"It was the murderer," said Father Brown. "He had killed Darnaway at daybreak and hid the corpse and himself in the dark room; an excellent hiding place, because nobody normally goes into it or can see

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much if he does. But he let the body fall out on the floor at seven o'clock, in order that the whole thing might be explained by the curse."

"But I don't understand," observed Payne. "Why didn't he kill him at seven o'clock then, instead of loading himself with a corpse for fourteen hours?"

"Let me ask you another question," said the priest. "Why was there no photograph taken? Because the murderer made sure of killing him when he first got up, and before he could take it. It was essential to the murderer to prevent that photograph reaching the expert on the Darnaway antiquities."

THERE was a sudden silence for a moment and then the priest went on in a lower tone.

"Don't you see how simple it is? Why you yourself saw one side of the possibility; but it's simpler even than you thought. You said a man might be faked to resemble an old picture. Surely it's simpler that a picture should be faked to resemble a man. In plain words, it's true in a rather special way that there was no doom of the Darnaways. There was no old picture; there was no old rhyme; there was no legend of a man who caused his wife's death. But there was a very wicked and a very clever man who was willing to cause another man's death in order to rob him of his promised wife."

The priest suddenly gave Payne a sad smile, as if in reassurance. "For the moment I believe you thought I meant you," he said, "but you were not the only person who haunted that house for sentimental reasons. You know the man, or rather you think you do. But there were depths in the man called Martin Wood, artist and antiquary, which none of his mere artistic acquaintances were likely to guess. Remember that he was called in to criticize and catalogue the pictures; in an aristocratic dust-bin of the sort that practically means simply to tell the Darnaways what art treasures they have. They would not be surprised at things turning up they had never noticed before. It had to be well done and it was; perhaps he was right when he said that if it wasn't Holbein it was somebody of the same genius."

"I feel rather stunned," said Payne, "and there are twenty things I don't see yet. How did he know what Darnaway looked like? How did he actually kill him? The doctors seem rather puzzled at present."

"I SAW a photograph the lady had which the Australian sent on before him," said the priest, "and there are several ways in which he could have learned things when the new heir was once recognized. We may not know these details; but they are not difficulties. You remember he used to help in the dark room; it seems to me an ideal place, say, to prick a man with a poisoned pin; with the poisons all handy. No, I say these were not difficulties. The difficulty that stumped me was how Wood could be in two places at once. How could he, while he was downstairs in the library looking for a book, take the corpse from the dark room and prop it against the camera so that it would fall in a few seconds? And I was such a fool that I never looked at the books in the library; and it was only in this photograph, by very un-

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deserved good luck, that I saw the simple fact of a book about Pope Joan."

"You've kept your best riddle for the end," said Payne grimly. "What on earth can Pope Joan have to do with it?"

"Don't forget the book about the Something of Iceland," advised the priest, "or the religion of somebody called Frederick. It only remains to ask what sort of a man was the late Lord Darnaway."

"Oh, does it?" observed Payne heavily.

"He was a cultivated, humorous sort of eccentric, I believe," went on Father Brown. "Being cultivated, he knew there was no such person as Pope Joan. Being humorous he was very likely to have thought of the title of *The Snakes of Iceland*, for something else that didn't exist. I venture to reconstruct the third title as *The Religion of Frederick the Great;* which also didn't exist. Now doesn't it strike you that those would be just the titles to put on the backs of books that didn't exist; or in other words on a book-case that wasn't a book-case?"

"Ah," cried Payne, "I see what you mean now. There was some hidden staircase — "

"Up to the room Wood himself selected as a dark room," said the priest nodding. "I'm sorry. It couldn't be helped. It's dreadfully banal and stupid, as stupid as I have been on this pretty banal case. But we were mixed up in a real musty old romance of decayed gentility and a fallen family mansion; and it was too much to hope that we could escape having a secret passage. It was a priest's hole; and I deserve to be put in it."

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The World's Got to Have Me!

By Whiting Williams

One who has worked side by side with many toilers shows how each glories in the sense of industrial power no matter how small his part in machine age routine

"Wull, it been plain to see," so old Evan, the repairman in the Rhondda Valley mine would call back to me when, tools on shoulder and lamp in hand, we would start for our next chore after we had cleared the rails of the "fall" of rock and thus permitted the colliers or real miners to continue loading their cars, "it been plain to see, they cawn't run the bloody mine — nor all the shops and factories oop outside — without you and me!"

"Course I couldn't *see* him when I hit him," the kindly engineer explained as we followed the white tunnel of his headlight into the darkness, "not with sixty feet o' boiler 'tween the cowcatcher and me. And this old Mallet-compound's too heavy for me to *feel* him. But I knowed I'd killed him *when I smelt his blood!*"

Instead of being demeaned by his hours of grimy, dangerous wage-earning, the engine driver knows that the mastery of his machine has grown him into so great a giant that he crushes out the life from one of his fellows and never knows it but by his nostrils. By virtue of his pick and shovel, similarly, the repair man feels himself an indispensable link in the whole great chain of interlocking services, not simply there in his mine, but throughout the whole world's work and livelihood.

Somewhere between these two, so I am convinced after several years of close-up contact with the world's hardest laborers, almost every type of manual worker likes to place himself.

What most of us who earn our living with our heads tend usually to miss is this, that the man who works largely with his hands comes with amazing ease completely to dominate and to absorb into himself the great black beast of steel and steam or electricity before which we head workers stand awed and impotent. By a process altogether natural he finds no difficulty in breeding out of his tools in combination with himself a new blood-and-iron creature which he is perfectly willing to call familiarly, "*WE*"!

This is the reason the modern factory worker finds astonishingly

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slight difficulty in feeling much that same pride which marked the village craftsman "under the spreading chestnut tree." To be sure, it is not at the cost of brawny arm and shoulder but at the mere touch of a lever, that the great drop-hammer falls with world-shaking *Blam!!* — *Blamity* — *Bla-am!* and in the twinkling of the eye forges the red-hot bar into the smoking crank-shaft.

But even if he is saved those hours of grimy strain and craftsmanship which gave the blacksmith his creative thrill, the man at the lever knows well enough that it is not his engine that makes the earth to tremble and the shaft to form, but instead the engine's driver, he himself! So even with him who all day tightens Bolt K-487 on the evolving car or motor as it moves up to and then away and beyond him there on the assembly line. This feeling serves astonishingly to lessen the evil of what appears to the non-manual-minded observer as nothing but monotonous, soul-wearing repetition. Instead of giving his thought to each repeated movement one after the other — "Now this, now that! Now this again!" — his mind is "coasting," surprisingly disengaged from the process and therefore free to day-dream or perhaps to frame effective wise-cracks for impressing near-by Tom or Gertie.

"The heaviest yet!" so, brush and stencil in hand, my attention would gear in and out of the business of catching from a near-by worker each of a stream of 3,000 empty barrels for steadying it on the scales. "I must sure stop in at the 'Y' tonight and try to find that sailor chap — Forty three pounds. It *is* the heaviest!" (Twirling of stencil for painting '4' and '3') "And if he's there, maybe he'll tell a fellow how ." . . . Barrel responds to complicated, and therefore distinctly pleasurable, twist of hand and wrist, and skids down to the filling room as another rolls upon the scales for a repetition of the manual, but a continuation of the mental, process — a process which, if unbroken enough, has the distinct advantage of bringing the quitting whistle with surprising speed!

This is one reason why so many holders of so-called monotonous jobs refuse to change to less repetitive work on the ground that "It'll take me away from the gang!", or "I'll have *no time to think!*"

Another reason is that in all the world of modern industry no function exists by itself; nearly always it is as essential to the next job just above as that, in turn, is to the next above it — and so on out to the farthest edge of the whole periphery of organized work and life.

"Mr. Engineer," whispers the locomotive fireman back over his shoulder, when his varied duties allow him a moment on his cushion, "thinks he's the whole thing around here. But all the same, he couldn't get his engine very blamed far down the line unless he got his power (business of tapping chest) from *me!*"

"If I," explains the engineer, "didn't get down to the (Round) 'House' on time and feelin' fit-like and ready to go, then those lawyer fellows back there in the parlor car would miss their date with the judge and everybody'd be sore!"

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"Of course," says the railway president, "you could have your States without railroads, but they would not be the *United* States!"

"Establish Thou the work of our hands. Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it!" So have prayed at all times such lone-hand creators as the blacksmith, simply because nothing else so fully as a finished article can give such visible, such tangible demonstration and assurance of its maker's value in the world of things and people. Today precisely that kind of soloist satisfaction is perhaps scarcer. Nevertheless what every worker knows is that the modern mine and factory offer immensely greater opportunity than ever in history for the more social satisfactions of membership in the orchestra; that to a degree never known before every piece of modern work — and therefore every worker — not only cogs in with every other job everywhere, but does so with an interlocking dependence whose limits stretch daily farther toward the Seven Seas and whose exacting requirements, whose "tolerances," move constantly closer to the inch's thousandths and ten-thousandths!

THUS today nothing so touches the heart of the question under discussion as this: in every one of these close-woven chains of associated effort which we call modern industry, each human link, with the help of his sense of mastery over his machine, tends to feel that he is indispensable, and therefore entitled to enjoy the dignity of the entire chain!

"But," protests the drummer to the observer who would describe his job in terms of so many hand and arm motions, "you can't know my work unless you know my orchestra!"

"Youse all remember, doncha?" asked a rough, near-down-and-outer anxious to impress us new acquaintances, "that big dam up behind Shoshone where they changed a desert into hundreds of square miles of 'A-1' wheat land? Well, I worked on that!"

NOW this is only to say that industry, in moving away from stardom to partnership, from spotlighted individual to spotlighted team, has only done what practically all other fields of modern life have done. In *Who's Who* even the most famous personage is described in terms of little else than his participations: "Chairman of the So-and-So Corporation, President of the Whatnot Association, Founder of the Society for the Advancement of This or That; member of the such and such party, church, clubs," and so on.

In industry and everywhere else, of course, we purchase the satisfactions of these newer coggings into the great wheels of the rest of the world at the price of certain older rights and freedoms. Just as the crowding autos force me to surrender my personal ideas as to speed limits, so the present-day dependence of thousands on the engine driver for their safety virtually deprives him of his personal liberty to drink or not to drink. The soloist shoe-maker can "vacation" as often and as long as his few friendly patrons are willing. But for the machine tender to absent himself unduly from the shoe factory may be as catastrophic as if the

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French Horn should nonchalantly telephone that he happens to be indisposed!

Indeed it is hardly too much to say that this "orchestration" of the modern job has made all sorts of changes in our whole morality. So far from stressing all the things that a man could not do and still be "good" as in the days, for example, of my own youngsterhood, we seem to feel today, in every department of our lives, the prod of the orchestra, not so much toward our biggest possible individual contribution to the scheme of things, as away from the sheer disgrace of lessening the contributions of the other members of the team.

"We carry on," Coningsby Dawson wrote from the trenches, "because if we don't, we shall let other men down —"

"You see," explains the hobo, "if we don't get there on time then crops go to waste and millions of dollars are lost — and the whole blame country goes to the devil!"

TO BE sure, exactly the same prod is likely to mean standardized ideas under the standardized hats of standardized members of standardized teams. But it may well be that this is only a present and temporary stage in a social and industrial orchestration of a sort calculated to give greater individual value than was ever known before to not only the mass of members but also to an enlarging staff of leaders and assistant leaders. Certainly it is proper to say that these leaders of the newer orchestrated industry are only just beginning to get down to the study of those deeper satisfactions which are the real mainsprings of their individual performers.

Thus it was in an oil refinery that I encountered the only human being I have ever had a deep-down hankering to murder.

"Do I have to tell you bumps-on-a-log," he would yell at us laborers, "what to do with that skid?"

The trouble was that when, the day before, several of us newer men had started to carry the skid toward the new job, he had roared his, "Hey! Where you goin'? That skid belongs to the company! I'll give you orders what to do with it!"

After that, of course, we would hold the skid throughout the livelong day rather than dream of handling it under our own starting power.

THE greatest complaint of our working orchestra members is not against their machines but against the gang-boss and his tendency to "hog" away from them the satisfaction of doing the job so far as possible under their own steam. And all too frequently, it must be said, the gang-boss steals this pleasure from his subordinates only because his own superior has stolen it from him, and that superior in turn has been the victim of similar spiritual thievery which finally started with some thoughtless higher-up near the very top.

"When you see workers unhappy in the assembly line," so one of my employers used to say, "take a look at the Board of Directors. If you don't find the trouble there take a look at the President. If you don't find it there — take another look!"

The fault likely to be found there is, I believe, not at all inherent

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either in the system or its machines. Rather is it that the president, like most of the rest of us, has been taught to believe that nobody except, of course, himself, takes any interest in work except to get from it the maximum of money with a minimum of time and effort. But if he is eager to find out whether even laborers want something beside their pay-envelopes, he need only recall the experience of the foreman who asked a gang of foreign-born to "Dig a hole six feet deep here!", then later, after a glance — "Won't do! Another over there!" and then a third time, "Another! Quick!"

"Deeg here, deeg dere!" his men protested as they rolled down their sleeves, "all day for not'ing, like dam'fool. We quit!"

Of course, when he explained that their stopping would continue the stoppage in the lost pipe of drinking water and hence "let down" their companions on the hot rolls inside, they went at it again with their: "Sure! Whada hell! Help find-em dam'fool pipe!"

BUT just because modern industry and modern life are so tangled up together not even the best conductor of the working orchestra can by himself contrive to give his followers the maximum possible satisfactions of membership. The reason is that he is himself dependent upon one great higher-up who lords it over *him* — I mean the public. The satisfaction that both he and his team-members are to get from their mastery over their tools and from the service this mastery permits depends finally upon the esteem and recognition awarded them by their ultimate judges, the users of their product, the beneficiaries of their efforts.

"I like my job fine," said a friend of mine who worked in a glue house. "Glue, you know, is wonderful; it holds the world together — and I make it. But I'm going to quit it all the same. I just can't stand having people, when I tell them where I work, say 'Oh,' and change the subject as if I were a no-good."

LUCKILY more and more orchestra leaders share with all their members the craftsmanly thrill they themselves seldom fail to get from their own mastery, not of a single tool or engine, but of their whole great coördinated organization of machines and men. Still more luckily, both this thrill itself and the wider sharing of it are being daily made easier by the newer products of orchestrated industry itself.

Thus not long ago I stood in a crowd of nearly forty thousand workers while their chief, speaking into a telephone at his desk a thousand miles away, uttered the words which dedicated as a part of their factory's permanent equipment the amplifying device which was itself a product of their own hands.

"Today," he said, "we work in larger groups than our forefathers because no one person and no small group can design and make and assemble and test and finally sell our finished product — the telephone which makes neighbors of a hundred million of our fellow citizens. In the great scheme of modern life you and I are doing our full part. We are not parasites nor slackers. We are useful people. That alone makes our lives worth while. And because the work of each of us depends upon the skill and faithfulness of others no one of us can be sufficient to himself. So I dedicate this apparatus to the

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doing of our job and to the doing of it in the spirit of fairness and friendliness."

In somewhat similar fashion several hundred machinists enjoyed the thrill of shared exploit when, on their own bulletin boards, one historic morning, they saw the pictures of the engine which they had fabricated, while above it stood the proud legend, "How we all helped Lindbergh get to Paris!"

With the newer tools of communication now at our disposal there is daily less and less reason why tens of thousands of men, scattered perhaps among the continents, but with each playing his indispensable part, should not call the whole great machine "We" as easily and as proudly as did Lindbergh.

Such sharing in the emotions as well as the motions of the common task will go far, I submit, to create that mutual respect and understanding which underlies all true coöperation. Trust such mutual respect and understanding to discover and develop an interest in the beauty and the quality of its output rather than merely its quantity or cheapness! Trust it also to continue the spread of employee ownership and all the other steps toward lessening the old gap between capital and labor, master and man, boss and bossed. As also, further, to open those lanes of opportunity in training, transfer, and promotion which will secure from each his utmost abilities and capacities helpful to the well-being of every member of the whole, whether owner, director, worker, customer, or citizen.

Similarly, this kind of sharing is sure, I believe, to bring about a successful effort by the whole great team of industrial society to free itself of the great blot now soiling it — I mean irregularity of work. And finally such sharing will make it easier for every worker to find in industry the assurance of his value among his fellows because it will encourage more leaders to mix in along with the blame for him who lets his work-mates down, the nod of recognition for everyone who, at his lathe or throttle, adds his proper share to the aggregate dignity and credit of the whole.

Oddly enough, the Great War helped to just such widsom by demonstrating as never before how important every member, in the trenches or out, is to the whole team, and how gladly men will meet death itself if only they feel sure their contribution will not be overlooked. So it was old Evan, the repairman, who made me optimistic about our ability to master the whole vast tool we have created, once we fully understand it.

"Yesterday the oonder-manager," he said of the new boss who had just come back from Flanders Field, "do sye to me, 'Pugh, thot been a good job!' Awnd I do sye to 'im, 'In forty-three year o' workin' in this pit, in forty-three year, thot been the first time thot any Company man do sye to me a compliment.' But, fer a kindly word, a mon will work 'is bloody guts out! Awnd every mon o' feelin' and sensibility do know that the w'ip o' the tongue and the lash o' the lip been worse fer 'im thon any dawg. Every mon moost 'ave a chawnce 'ere on the job to show himself a mon!"

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One Up

By Frederick B. Watt

A tale of friendly rivalry in college reaches a grimly dramatic conclusion when a German submarine and a British "mystery ship" meet at sea

Had H. M. S. *Galloper* been a modern destroyer, with a kick or two to spare in her propellers, she would probably have had better luck on that chill December morning when the leading signalman observed the telltale wake of a torpedo on her starboard beam. She wasn't a modern destroyer — just an obsolete old torpedo boat pressed into service when anything that could carry a gun and keep afloat was requisitioned — and so the "fish" caught her just abaft the quarter deck twelve-pounder and tore away the stern as though it had been paper.

Lieutenant Stanley Groves, naval reservist, was much put out. The *Galloper* was his first command. Landsmen can't appreciate what that means.

Fortunately the bulkheads held and the ship remained afloat. But deprived of her motive power, her stern deep in the sea, she lay helpless, waiting for the next torpedo. Even the most ordinary of ordinary seamen realized that the craft was entirely at the mercy of the enemy. It would be only a question of time before the *coup de grâce* would be administered.

The terrific seconds lengthened into minutes. Once the forward gun fired an impulsive round at what looked like a periscope, but it proved to be a false alarm. For an hour the ship remained unmolested. Then the wireless operator trotted to the bridge with a signal.

"Somebody going to give us a hand?" hazarded Groves.

"Hardly, sir," replied the operator. "Damned if I know what to make of it. It's in straight international code."

The young commander took the slip.

"Lieut. Groves, H. M. S. *Galloper:* Dear Stan: Sorry I couldn't finish you, but it was my last torpedo and my gun's out of commission. I imagine I am one up now. Love and kisses. Ernest."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Lieutenant Groves.

There was no mistaking the sender. Ernest Weber was well known to many of the men against whom he made war but he was best known to

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Groves. They had been roommates prior to 1914 at a well known educational institution where Ernest had been perfecting his knowledge of English.

They had, surreptitiously, made youthful advances to the same barmaid. Ernest, the sophisticated, had won out. Stan, six feet two and broad of shoulder, had retaliated and captured a position on the crew, but the nimble German had beaten him to a place on the rugby team. Up and down the balance had gone, but at night, over their mugs of beer and smouldering pipes, the spirit of competition had slowly but surely reshaped itself into a frank respect for each other's prowess; and at the back of this was a downright feeling of friendship.

So, in a way, Groves was glad that, seeing someone had to do it, Weber had earned the credit for torpedoing him. He cursed the foe who had killed his men, but somehow Ernest was not included in the malediction. With that rival of college days it was only another tilt in their apparently endless struggle for the last and winning point. As the German had stated, he was one up.

Lieutenant Stanley Groves, after tying up all that was left of the *Galloper* to the quay, was sent south to one of the big bases and failed to reappear in his old haunts.

"Tough on Stan," said the wardroom. "Probably slated for a land job for the rest of the show. Damned shame."

Lieutenant Groves was no more on view at the base, however, than he was with the fleet. In fact he had ceased to exist except to a favored few. There was a rickety old windjammer lying in an East Coast port, though, and the dirty, bearded skipper who spat so venomously over the after rail was six feet two and broad of shoulder.

There were strange goings-on aboard the disreputable sailing craft in the hours of darkness. Muffled figures came and went when decent folk were abed, and the sound of the riveter's hammer chattered in the interior of the vessel at odd moments. By day she casually loaded lumber into her gaping holds.

One morning her place at the quayside was empty. Another of Britain's seemingly helpless, actually deadly "mystery ships" had put to sea.

Twice in the next few weeks German submarines were posted in their home ports as missing. Lieutenant Stanley Groves was taking his new work no less seriously than he had taken his old.

One forenoon watch as the disreputable decoy vessel wallowed along a conning tower appeared far to starboard. The visibility had been poor owing to fog, but the air had cleared slightly when the ominous gray bulk rose from the depths. Calmly Groves gazed through his glasses for a moment at the U-boat, then he let out a yell of exultation.

"Kismet!" he cried. "That's Weber's ship, unless he's been shoved somewhere else since the last report. I can read the number. Careful now, boys. I've been waiting for this bird too long to allow any mistakes."

As the submarine rose awash, figures crowded out of her conning tower and manned the gun on the forecastle. The windjammer appar-

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ently made every effort to escape into a nearby bank of fog until a shell burst under her bow. Then she came about obediently, her brown sails flapping, and, working hurriedly, the crew lowered a couple of boats and rowed frantically away from the doomed vessel. But they left Groves and five seamen behind, crouched about a 4.7 in a dummy deckhouse.

WEBER was a careful soul, however. Without diminishing the distance between his submarine and the prize, he ordered a couple of rounds to be fired into the deserted vessel. Whang! went the gun, and splintered woodwork showered the crouching men.

"Here, that's not done," complained Groves. "Down on your bellies. He doesn't intend to sink us by shell fire. This is only a bit of his damnable caution."

A second shell burst with a muffled roar in the after cabin.

"Looks like we're for it next," suggested one of the seamen. "He's hit us fore and aft. Next one 'midships?"

"Shut up!" snapped an overstrung shipmate. "He'll come closer before long. We'll have our innings then."

Groves was very much undecided as to what his course should be. He had his 4.7 destroyer gun which could more than hold its own with the submarine. But there was a dangerous possibility that the U-boat might succeed in making a getaway without attempting to fight. That would have dire results. The usefulness of a "mystery ship" lasted only as long as it remained unidentified by the enemy.

"Sorry, men," he apologized. "I don't enjoy being pounded without hitting back any more than you do. I've got to make sure of him, though. He must come nearer."

The undersea boat did begin to slide closer. A small group of men produced a collapsible rowboat from its mysterious interior.

"That's better," said Groves grimly. "They're going to sink us with a charge of dynamite, after all — at least they think they're going to. Close up, Ernest! A couple of hundred yards more and we'll talk business."

"Coming on thick again, sir," warned the gunlayer. "The fog's walking right down on us in a solid lump. There'll be no visibility in a minute."

"Got to take a gambler's chance on it holding off," replied the skipper stubbornly. "Stand by! The curtain's going up!"

The submarine steamed slowly within hailing distance and prepared to launch her small boat with the bomb. She offered her broadside.

"Let go," Groves shouted.

THE dummy deckhouse collapsed in an orderly little pile and the businesslike 4.7 stood grimly stark in full view of the enemy. Hardly had the flimsy wall fallen from before the muzzle than the gunlayer pressed the trigger. There was a flash and a roar. As though by a stroke of magic the small boat on the submarine's stern and the men surrounding it disappeared in a fleecy puff of shrapnel. There were a few splinters and some unpleasant splotches thrown into the surrounding sea.

"Get the conning tower!" yelled Groves.

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The gunlayer would have complied had not the submarine returned the fire at that moment. The shell buried itself in the broad flank of the windjammer almost directly below the 4.7. Groves and his men were scattered about the deck as carelessly as straws in a high wind. Fortunately it was the concussion, not solid metal. Groggily, like a rugby player who has been downed but automatically lunges to his feet again as he shakes off the tackle, the lieutenant rose and lurched to the sights without waiting to see whether the gunlayer was fit to continue at his post or not. A couple of dazed loading numbers staggered forward as did the trainer.

"Hurry, hurry, for God's sake," pleaded Groves. "The blighter's running for the fog. One clean shot at him and I'll die happy."

THE submarine was most certainly not looking for a fight in the open. Although it meant that her gun must cease fire, she came about and headed for the friendly fog, presenting the smallest possible target as she lay hull down. Weber's reputation for quick thinking lost nothing by the manœuvre. He could make the shelter of the mist in a few less seconds than he could submerge.

His eye glued to the telescopic sight, Groves saw the vertical hair come to bear on the conning tower as the trainer slewed the gun around. With an almost impersonal deliberation, he slowly turned the wheel until the horizontal hair came down to the proper level and the target lay squarely where the thin black lines crossed.

"Hurry, hurry!" he whispered fiercely.

Clang! came the sound of the closing breech, followed instantly by the "Ready" of the breech worker.

It was Groves's moment of moments. There was Weber's ship. There were the crossed hairs bearing beautifully on the conning tower, with the visibility still perfect. His fingers closed on the trigger.

Click!

"Misfire! Recock!"

THE order came in a tone of desperation. The dead snick of the firing pin had jarred more on the ears of the little gun's crew than if it had been the belching roar of exploding cordite. The shape of the conning tower in the telescopic sight grew filmy. For a moment Groves thought that it was his eyesight going back on him. Then he realized that his quarry was being swallowed by the fog.

"Ready!" came the chant of the breech worker again.

Click!

A moment later, before a new firing tube could be inserted, the mist took the submarine completely under its protecting shroud.

The gun's crew cursed as only men of the sea can. Groves silently seated himself on the bulwarks, experiencing that sensation of hopeless deflation which follows a fruitless battle for high stakes.

He had some difficulty in rounding up his small boats with the remainder of the crew in the fog but finally he had them all mustered on the quarterdeck. With characteristic frankness he addressed them.

"I know it's hardly the thing to talk over a situation with one's

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crew, but you all know how we stand as well as I do. First I must apologize" — he smiled wanly — "for sicking you on to that particular sub. The owner is a special jinx of mine and I should have known better than to tackle him. However, the harm's done. This mystery ship isn't a mystery any longer. I don't know how soon my friend, Weber, will be able to enlighten his pals, but there's a pretty fair chance that if we run up against any Heinies before we get back to port they'll be wise and deal with us accordingly. There is, of course, a chance that we may be able to turn one last trick before we're paid off — as we most certainly shall be once we get back. Now, the question before the house is whether, if we meet anyone, we shall run like a *bona fide* merchantman or whether we'll gamble on the opposition still being in the dark and try our usual stunt on him. You're entitled to the former."

THE gunlayer elected himself spokesman for the crew.

"You're jokin', sir," he said, "about that runnin' away stuff. Why the beggar we've just left won't think of anythin' 'cept his own dirty 'ide till he gets 'ome; an' by that time the 'arm'll be done to any of 'is maties that gets in our way. Carry on sarj — lieutenant — says I."

"Aye, aye!" approved the crew vociferously.

"As like as not we won't see a periscope but —" Groves reflected.

As it happened, though, they did sight a foeman an hour after dawn the next day. The orthodox scheme held good. The submarine came to the surface at a cautious distance and let fly with her gun. Anxiously Groves surveyed the slim craft through his glasses before giving the order for the "panic party."

"Righto," he shouted finally. "Away boats. I can distinguish her number and at least it's not Weber's tank."

THE crew, minus those serving the concealed gun, abandoned ship in quick time, urged to greater efforts by another shell which brought down the foremast. It was a breathless moment for the little group left aboard, the big stick falling just clear of their flimsy protection.

"Looks promising," jerked Groves. "If he lives up to schedule he'll come within range now. Godamighty! He's submerging!"

Casually, as though it had lost interest in the proceedings, the submarine dipped, leaving the sea tenantless save for the windjammer.

"What 'appens next?" asked the puzzled gunlayer.

The answer was immediately forthcoming. A short distance from where the German had submerged a thin white streak started towards the sailing craft. To anyone unaware of the deadly import of the thing it would have seemed no more than the drawing of a straight line of chalk across the slaty surface of the sea. There was no such casual thought in the minds of Groves and his men, however. They had followed the course of a torpedo before. Instinctively they crowded to the rail on the far side of the ship. One man had already jumped overboard when the crash came.

It was a nightmare of suddenly

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extinguished daylight, of flashes that bore every color of the rainbow, of flying timber and gagging fumes. Groves felt that he was rising crazily in the air, probably already on his way to the place where reasonably good sailors may expect to arrive, but somehow it didn't bother him at all. Then came an unpleasant consciousness. A giant had placed a massive foot on his chest and was trying to press the air from his lungs. Yet he dared not exhale. Gradually the pressure relaxed. The next sensation was one of intolerable chill. Lieutenant Stanley Groves finally became aware that he was swimming for his life in the cold waters of the North Sea.

BEHIND him, his ship had broken in two and the halves were on the point of sinking. Desperately he kicked off his seaboots and plowed away from the wreck, fearful of being sucked down in the vortex. A shattered spar offered him momentary rest. Hurriedly surveying the scene, he discovered a single head bobbing in the light swell. His fellow survivor wallowed towards the spar with long, ungainly strokes. It was the gunlayer. In impressive silence they watched the last of their ship disappear beneath the surface. Immediately they both began to chill in the all but freezing temperature.

"Our boats are only a mile away and they'll be back for us in a jiff," comforted the officer.

"Aye," replied the seaman sourly, "provided the 'Un don't blow them sky 'igh. You know what 'is 'abits are when 'e's 'uffy."

In the distance Groves could see the two boats starting back for the scene of the disaster, but the wind, which had assisted their retreat, was hampering their return.

"Think you can hang on for a while?" he questioned the purple-faced gunner.

"Aye, aye sir," replied the man weakly, even as his fingers began to slip from their hold on the spar. Being blown up twice in two days and then immersed in an icy sea was proving too much for the stamina of even the toughened sailor. The lieutenant could see the fight dying in his eyes and slid along the spar until he was able to get a firm hold on the neck of the gunlayer's jersey. A moment later the man's body was dead weight on his arm.

As though in a vindictive mood the wind freshened and made the situation more hopeless by bringing the progress of the boats to a standstill. Groves's overtaxed arms throbbed dully. He appreciated fully that the only hope of saving his own hide was to release the unconscious gunlayer, yet he clung to him tenaciously. The impulse was three parts stubbornness and one part gallantry.

THE losing fight finally reached its climax, though, and almost with relief he felt himself sliding into the sea, his fingers still tightly clenched to his companion's collar. While he held his breath instinctively, the water closed over his face as the descent to eternity commenced. Then his progress was arrested. His feet touched a bottom. His head emerged. He laughed hysterically, and like a man awaking from a nightmare fought off the maddening sensation of unreality. He was still an inhabitant of the world of men, his eyes

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still focussed on a heaving expanse of sea and his lungs still inhaled salt air. But he was no longer resting on the spar. He lay on a tapered steel deck with the gunlayer sprawling beside him.

It was fortunate that Groves was a man who accepted things as he found them. Instead of remaining where he lay and waiting for developments, he rose shakily to his feet to take in the situation. It was apparent that a submarine had risen beneath him and snatched him from a damp resting place. It was also apparent, after a cursory inspection, that it was a German ship — undoubtedly the one that had already caused him so much grief. The remainder of the war in an enemy prison camp seemed inevitable. Well, it was better than death, in any case.

THEN the three parts stubbornness again took command of him. Feeling at his waist he discovered, with a grunt of satisfaction, his revolver, encased in a watertight holster. As quickly as his numbed legs would carry him he padded along the deck towards the conning tower, unsheathing his weapon as he advanced. Painfully he dragged himself up the iron rungs to the little bridge. He was barely in time. Even as he gained the vantage point, the hatchway swung open and a close-cropped head, mounted on a pair of bulky shoulders, protruded from the opening.

The German rose with his back to the lieutenant. For the first and only time in his life Groves attacked a man from behind. It was probably the most sporting thing to do in this instance, for the enemy never knew what was coming. Just as his hips were on a level with the deck of the conning tower Groves shot him at the base of the skull. Before the body could tumble back, he seized it and caused it to lie half in, half out of the opening, making it impossible for the hatch cover to be closed without the corpse first being removed. Taking a firm grip on the shoulders Groves waited, hoping that despite the cold, he could hold out.

THERE was a babel of foreign tongues below, then an eerie silence. A moment later he felt a tugging at the legs of the dead man. With a grim confidence he reflected that as long as he retained his grip on the German it would be necessary to pull the man in half to clear the opening. A pair of gnarled hands next appeared, gripping the edge of the hatch on the side opposite to which the body hung, followed a second later by another bristly head. Groves coolly shot the newcomer between the eyes. There was a horrible staring moment; then the face disappeared and there was a dull thud below. Again a confused shouting. Again a deadly silence. Startlingly clear from the hatchway came a voice, speaking perfect English:

"Perhaps if you will surrender," it said, "I will forget that you have killed two of my men and merely take you prisoner."

Groves came alert, then grinned triumphantly.

"A few years' absence hasn't spoiled your accent in the least, Ernest," he declared.

"Stan!" The voice in the submarine had electric qualities.

"Aye! How are you, Ernest?"

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"Oh, so so," answered the German composedly. "Come below and have a drink."

"No, thanks," said Groves. "I'm sitting on top of the world. In fact, it looks as though I'm one up."

"Momentarily, perhaps," Weber said crisply, "but I wouldn't bank on it for long. Be sensible, Stan, I don't want to kill you."

"Nor I you," Groves assured him.

The gunlayer had recovered consciousness and had crept to the conning tower.

"Good egg, man," whispered Groves. "I haven't got anything for you to use, but hang around, anyway."

"I wouldn't mind a smack at 'em, even with this," returned the seaman, brandishing a ham-like fist. "Hist, sir —"

HE POINTED excitedly. Slowly, silently, a blue metal barrel was being shoved over the edge of the hatch. Groves waited until the hand that held the automatic appeared. His shot blew away the fingers, and the heavy Luger rattled to the deck, accompanied by a shriek of agony.

"Take the automatic," exulted Stan, "and stand watch over the after torpedo hatch. If anyone shows himself you know what to do." He said it loudly enough for Weber to hear.

The gunlayer nodded happily and took up his position.

"I only 'opes they try comin' out this way!" he shouted.

For ten minutes the deadlock continued without conversation. The Germans realized the futility of attempting to reach the deck. It was impossible for Groves and his companion to improve their position. The crux of the situation still sprawled across the edge of the hatch, his glassy eyes staring at the sky.

"Can you see reason yet, Stan?" came Weber's voice at last.

"Yes, and I'm abiding by it," answered his antagonist.

"There is nothing to prevent my steaming into port on the surface," advanced the German.

"Try it. I'll wager you had a hard enough time getting out even when you were submerged."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to dip and we'll all go down together," Weber said resignedly. "I'd rather do that than wait until someone comes along and sinks me."

"Idle talk, my lad," Groves reproved. "Perhaps, if it were just a case of you and I, you might carry out such a threat, but there are a number of men down there with you who are too good to be thrown away as a bit of bravado. Better hold your horses, old son, and wait until one of our ships come up. We really treat our prisoners quite decently."

"YOU always were a pretty fair psychologist," Weber laughed, not unpleasantly. "As you say, it would be a useless sacrifice. Undoubtedly the thing for me to do is to wait until you have nearly frozen to death. Perhaps then you will talk sense. While you cool off, though, we might as well make the most of our association which, I fear, is to come too soon to a finish. How is little Jessie Myles — you know, the brunette I was rather keen on?"

For half an hour the two former comrades talked casually. But as their tongues sounded easy pleasantries, their active brains worked at

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top speed in the silent battle of wits. It was a question of life and death, the closing act of a play of all but lifelong rivalry. The odds were heavy in the German's favor. As he had said, Groves and his companion could last only a limited time on the icy deck. But the Englishman was determined to score half a victory at least. A glance towards his two small boats revealed them with sails rigged, taking advantage of the wind to make a getaway. Doubtless they were wondering why the submarine was making no attempt to shell them. Groves realized that if he could keep Weber incapacitated for a little longer the "panic party" would in all probability be saved. It was rapidly becoming apparent, however, that he and the gunlayer were done for unless a miracle happened. Lack of action and the biting breeze was rapidly draining them mentally and physically.

"Still feel that you're one up?" asked the taunting voice of Weber.

"Perhaps I'm not," Groves replied. He was stiff from the cold. "But I'm going to have the satisfaction of knowing that you'll go home blind."

HE PUNCTUATED the remark with a shot that shattered a portion of the periscope.

"That was a well-thought-out move," admitted Weber, poorly concealing the fury in his voice. "It's my time to think one up."

Groves's attention was drawn by the frantic motions of the gunlayer. Gazing to port he beheld a blob on the horizon.

"Somebody gets a break," he breathed. "If there's any justice, it's my turn."

The speed with which the oncoming ship approached was cheering. Nothing less than a destroyer or a light cruiser could rip out knots at that rate. When it was two miles away a flashing lamp at the ship's masthead winked a challenge. Throwing discretion to the winds, Groves let go his hold on the shoulders of the dead German and stood on the conning tower rail. Speedily, with stiffened arms, he semaphored the secret answering signal, following it with a terse, importunate summons. Then, silently, he returned to his former position.

TEN minutes later Weber again spoke.

"For the last time, Stan, will you stop this foolish business? I warn you, I'm fed up, and unless you're willing to come below right away I won't be able to answer for your life."

"Oh?" said Groves blandly.

"I might as well tell you," the German said thickly, "that I've just completed a very messy operation. With the assistance of a straight razor and a bottle of schnapps I have successfully halved the unfortunate fellow whose shoulders you hold. A slight jolt and the hatchway will be clear. Will you come below or must I leave you to drown?"

There was an air of finality to the question.

"Seeing that you've been good enough to give away state secrets," answered the other cheerfully, "I'll return the compliment. At the present moment, Ernest, one of our destroyers is standing by, ready to blow you out of the water if you attempt to submerge. I would suggest that you and your crew come on

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deck and surrender without any unnecessary bloodshed."

"Pretty weak, Stan. So that was why you wrecked the periscope?"

"If you must be convinced, come up yourself and have a look," offered Groves. "My word of honor that I shan't plug you."

"Fair enough."

THE reply was followed immediately by the speaker. He glanced in a friendly way at Groves as he emerged from the hatch, but the look gave way to one of immense dismay as his head cleared the conning tower rail and he saw that the other had spoken nothing but the truth. For a moment he glared vindictively at the destroyer, then his expression softened and he turned to his former roommate, a half smile on his lips.

"One to you, Stan," he said, "and it's the winning point. It's been a good fight and there's nobody I'd sooner have lost to. I surrender my crew to you personally. Before we go through these formalities will you shake hands with me?"

The victor's big fist closed over the slender, wiry one of the vanquished. For a moment the two men gazed steadily into each other's eyes, the war forgotten.

"Good-bye," said Weber simply.

"Good-bye, hell!" was Groves's retort. "We'll meet again before many months have passed."

"Perhaps," replied the German quietly, "but I hope not."

Before the surprised lieutenant could interrogate the other further, he had again slid through the hatchway. Immediately the crew of the submarine began to clamber through the opening and upon the deck, from which they were picked up by seaboats from the destroyer.

"Hi! below!" Groves shouted down the hatch. "Shake a leg, Ernest. The prize crew's coming aboard."

"Off you go, Stan, and make it fast," Ernest cried back. "This submarine is going to be an unhealthy spot in five minutes."

"Ernest, for God's sake—" Groves pleaded in bewilderment.

"No use," was the sharp reply. "There are two reasons why I'm going to explode one of my own torpedoes. One of them is because it would be a bad business for your chaps to grab one of our newest submarines in perfect running order. That is the least important of the two. Mark you, thirty seconds of that five minutes have gone already. I'm timing it by my watch."

EXACTLY four and a half minutes later Weber kept his promise. The back wash from the explosion set the near-by destroyer rolling violently and the air was filled with flying fragments of the shattered submarine.

Groves, a downcast, haggard man, wondered who, after all, was one up. He is still wondering.

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Your Stake in Foreign Trade

By O. K. Davis
Secretary, National Foreign Trade Council

We constantly increase our great production but unless we distribute that increased production in other markets we shall surely invite disaster

"The next speaker" said the toastmaster, "will be the distinguished Governor of the great State of Illinois, who will address you on 'The Meaning of Foreign Trade to the Middle West.'"

The occasion was a banquet of foreign traders in Chicago. More than a thousand of them, representing thirty-eight of the United States, were present. Many were from the Middle West, from States that hum with industry, whose thousands of factories annually produce millions of tons of export cargo, and consume millions of tons of imported raw materials that are absolutely essential to their continued activity.

Hundreds of men in that room keenly realized the significance of the occasion and looked to the Governor (not the present incumbent) for a brilliant presentation of his subject. The Governor rose and smilingly greeted his sympathetic audience.

"The meaning of Foreign Trade to the Middle West," he said, repeating the subject after the toastmaster. "I don't know what that means and I doubt if the man who assigned it to me knows."

Which showed that a man may rise even to the Governorship of one of the great States in the Middle West without understanding the economics of foreign commerce. That was several years ago. Recently another Governor, head of another of the great States of the Middle West, disclosed a singular incomprehension of the same thing.

Writing in The North American Review for September, Governor Theodore Christianson of Minnesota starts off by saying: "The present issue between agriculture and industry arises out of a new conception of the economics of foreign commerce."

There is no "issue between agriculture and industry". In asserting that there is, Governor Christianson permits himself to fall into the old error of those who cling to the outworn theory of division — or divisibility — of interests among the various factors of our life.

The fact is that agriculture and industry are partners in interest, not antagonists or competitors. And they are joint partners with several other

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factors, of equal importance, in the maintenance and prosperity of all. It is not agriculture alone that is the mainstay of this country, despite all the talk from the days of Alexander Hamilton down about its being "the basic industry" of the United States. It is not industry alone. It is not transportation alone, or communication, or finance, or commerce. It is all of them together in strong coöperative team work. That is what produces the results.

What need would there be for agriculture if industry were not in existence to create and maintain its huge demand for agricultural products?

What possibility would there be for anything like our industrial development if agriculture were not producing the food and clothing materials for the millions of industrial workers?

And what possibility would there be for either agriculture or industry if transportation were not available for their products?

What transportation systems would there be if agriculture and industry were not in operation, producing articles to be transported?

And how would any of the three get on without the service of finance, commerce, and communication?

"Industry has a stake in agriculture," says Governor Christianson, at the close of his article. Right. So has agriculture a great stake in industry. Surely agriculture sells more wheat and corn and potatoes and other foods to the wage-earners of industry than to any other market. And so do transportation, commerce, finance and communication have their stakes in each of the others. It is a common interest, and its maintenance calls for clear thinking on the part of all.

Since even today so many many men, whether in business or political life, persist in considering foreign trade an activity quite apart from our thriving domestic affairs, I want to present it here in its true rôle — as an integral part of the fabric of our prosperity.

But, to begin with, what is prosperity?

There probably isn't a person in the United States above the age of ten who hasn't an answer of his own to that question. Likely as not, a good many not yet ten are similarly ready with a personal definition. For prosperity is the object of practically universal desire and almost everybody has his own notion of what it is that he wants. But when the question turns upon the method by which prosperity is to be measured, then divergence of opinion arises.

The old saying that "self-preservation is the first law of nature" is dinned into our ears in early childhood, long before most of us are able to grasp more than its obvious meaning. But if preservation — or prolongation — of life is the first and strongest human impulse, then the desire to improve the conditions of life, to get the most out of it, is just as surely the second. First we want to live, and second we want to live reasonably well.

I have heard it suggested by some scientific gentlemen that the second proposition can hardly be sustained, because there are so many men and women, artists and scientists es-

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pecially, who reck nothing at all of their personal condition, providing only they may continue their devotion to their chosen line of occupation. But that view seems to me to be no more valid against the second proposition than the number of suicides is against the first, and it certainly will not be seriously contended that because some men kill themselves the human race as a whole does not eagerly desire to save and prolong life.

Just as men have always striven to preserve life and improve their enjoyment of it, so they have always followed the same general method in seeking that improvement. The accumulation of property, of goods has been the chief means of increasing the comfort, the convenience or the entertainment of mankind. This has been so marked a human characteristic that "acquisition" is sometimes declared to be the second human impulse. The statesmen of today talk about improving the "standard of living", meaning, obviously, the ability of human beings generally to get and hold more of the multitudinous items of human production that in some manner or measure increase their enjoyment of life.

WHEN the individuals in any country are having general success in the acquisition of the things they need and desire, they are said to "prosper" and the situation is called "prosperity". The word is defined by the dictionary as "the state of being prosperous; successful progress in one's enterprises; advancement or gain in that which is desirable; attainment of the object desired; material well-being."

In the days of barbaric antiquity, before civilization had made any material progress, force and robbery were the chief means of acquisition. Then the ancient proverb of India that "the man with the biggest club owns the bull" was substantially true. But with advancing civilization mankind began to learn a better and surer way — the way of barter and exchange of trade — and from that period trade has been the chief agency in the accumulation of property which, by and large, is the measure of prosperity.

THE system of life that obtains today over almost all the face of this earth is based upon the production of different things by different persons, and the sale, or exchange, by the producers of the things they do not need or want for the things they do need or want. And it is to be noted that there is a great difference between our needs and our wants. The meeting of our needs will sustain life. The satisfaction of our wants is the mark of prosperity. We want tobacco, golf clubs, radios, ice cream, lip sticks, hot dogs and myriad other things that we do not need. But their possession makes the difference between merely sustained life and enjoyed life. Consequently all the world is busy every day making all kinds of different things, because somewhere great numbers of human beings want them. There was an exposition in Europe two or three years ago the catalogue of which listed about a hundred and twenty-five thousand different things, each of which was the subject of sufficient demand to warrant its general production. There is a steel concern in the United States

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which turns out more than 11,000 different products. There is one rubber company which makes more than 30,000 different articles.

Some economists talk about the "division of labor". Others write about the "complexity of modern life". Both mean pretty much the same thing. If there ever was a time when individuals were really self-sufficient in the sense that they produced by their own labor all the things they needed to sustain life, it was very long ago and the state of their life was little removed from complete savagery. Today every civilized individual uses in the ordinary routine of his daily existence the labor, the services and the products of many other individuals, not only those of his own tribe or nation, but also those of other peoples in remote parts of the earth. There is no one in the United States, of whatever condition in life, who is not served repeatedly, every day, by all sorts of things that come from all the corners of the world. We eat, sleep and move about with the assistance of far-off individuals whom we never see and of whom most of us never think. It seldom occurs to any of us that every day we are not only liable but very likely to use the labor of Chinese, Patagonians and Paraguayans, as well as many other peoples of the more familiar regions of the earth.

And just as we are served in this way by the daily routine labor of remote peoples, they in turn are served in numerous ways by the labor and the products of citizens of the United States, and, in fact, by pretty much all the world.

The oncoming of summer in the United States is the signal for increasing activity in more than twenty different countries in every one of the six continents, in the effort to satisfy just one of the very numerous summer wants of our people. The pleasant days of spring see the same kind of thing occurring all over the United States. The highways are put into condition for the hordes of automobiles that begin to roll across the country in increasing thousands — not to say millions — in every direction and with every conceivable destination. All along these highways service stations are opened up and eating places are made ready, all the way from the humble hot dog stand to the more or less pretentious road house.

Of the ten countries in South America, six contribute a share to the supply of these roadside eating houses in the United States. The demand for hot dogs grows to colossal proportions when the season of baseball and automobile touring comes on in this country. It goes far beyond the capacity of this country alone to supply the casings in which these toothsome little sausages are prepared for public consumption. The purveyors of these sausages literally search the world for the casings that will enable them to meet this demand. There is no substitute for these casings, and no opportunity for the display of ingenuity that enabled the fabled maker of rabbit sausage to eke out his production with horse meat on the "fifty-fifty basis" of one rabbit to one horse.

When you lunch or dine at a famous restaurant and indulge in a crab flake cocktail you, in all prob-

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ability, enjoy the service of several thousand persons in various countries on three continents. There are few restaurants in this country close enough to tidewater to get fresh crab meat locally. By far the greater quantity of this delicacy consumed here is imported through Japan, after having been prepared in Kamchatka. American manufacturers of tin plate ship thousands of boxes of their product every year to Kamchatka, where it is made up into containers for crab meat, a large part of which is imported into the United States through Pacific Coast ports.

THUS the tin in these crab meat cans is twice imported into this country. It came first, in pigs, from the Dutch East Indies, there being practically no tin produced in the United States. The steel sheets that form the basis of tin plates are mostly made out of iron ore that comes from Minnesota, but an essential component of the steel is manganese, of which there is very little in America. Most of that used by our steel makers comes from Brazil. The crab meat tins are decorated with fancy colored printed labels, involving the use of paper and printing materials that originate in various parts of the world.

And then, of course, steamships and railroads are involved in the transportation of the manganese, tin and iron ores, as well as the finished products, and there are the vast number and variety of machines necessary to the production of the ships and the railroads and the tin plate, and the cans and the printing presses and the labels.

So the great probability is that your enjoyment of a crab flake cocktail is made possible by the service of most of the world.

Every time you spend a five cent piece you have benefited a little by the labor of some foreigners. In all probability they were Canadians, but they may have been Frenchmen, or native subjects of France in the Pacific island of New Caledonia. The Indian on one side of the new United States five cent piece is a native American. The buffalo on the other side is also a native American. But the metal out of which the coin is made and from which it derives its name of "nickel" is a foreigner. It comes from Canada or New Caledonia. The United States geological survey reports flatly that "there is no nickel in the United States". So, to that extent, Uncle Sam's coinage system is dependent upon alien assistance.

WHAT has all this to do with prosperity? Everything. What has been said has given merely a glimpse of the marvellously intricate development of modern life, not only among Americans but just as much among almost every other people of the globe. There is no nation that is or can be sufficient unto itself. There is no individual above the state of savage who is or can be self-sufficient. Nations are self-sustaining by their own enterprise, just as individuals are self-sustaining by their own labor and effort. But nations and individuals accomplish this through the coöperation, conscious or not, of all other nations and individuals.

It is the growth of the great fundamental of all civilization — transportation — that has brought this about, the transportation of things,

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of persons and of ideas, which latter we call communication. This is the means by which there has occurred that contact of human intelligences, one with another, which in the long course of human history has devised and produced all that advance civilization has attained. This is the means by which individuals in the most remote places are brought together almost as effectively as if they were face to face.

THUS there is actually a new world for all mankind. The Nineteenth Century gave us the railroad, the steamship, the telegraph and the ocean cable. The Twentieth Century has already given us the airplane, the automobile and the radio, and it is only one quarter gone. The isolation of peoples is ended and anyone who tunes in on a Saturday night on the radio station sending personal messages to the lonely men scattered far and wide over the great Canadian and Alaskan Northwest will realize that the isolation of individuals is rapidly coming to its end. It is related that the newspaper sponsoring the Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic checks the messages it receives from him on its own radio station by having one of its employees receive them also at his own station a few miles away in a nearby State. Recently, as the story goes, it desired to communicate by telephone with this checker, but could get no response to its call because he was listening to Byrd. Thereupon it radioed to Byrd to tell the checker to answer his telephone and in a few moments the checker was reporting to the newspaper that he had heard from the Antarctic that the office wanted him.

This New World is busier than the Old World ever dreamed of being in supplying the needs and wants of the people in every section of it, and those wants are steadily increasing in volume and variety. The process is cumulative, for the satisfaction of one set of wants not only creates a further set but furnishes the means with which they may be satisfied. Trade begets trade. Generally speaking the more trade there is the more there will be. There used to be somewhat prevalent in this country a theory that in any market there is only a certain amount of business which can be done, and that if a new concern comes in, whatever business it gets must necessarily take that same amount away from those already there. But that theory ignores the normal processes of growth, and leads only to depression and distress. Markets are elastic, not static, and the closer the contact of individuals, one with another, all over the world, the more work there will be to do and the more trade there will be for all.

IT IS still customary in this and other countries to speak of domestic trade and foreign trade as if there were some fundamental difference between them. But there is not. There is a difference in procedure and in method, but not in principle. Sales terms, credit conditions, packing and shipping requirements and financing methods will differ for trade with different countries and sometimes for different sections of the same country. But that is just what occurs within the United States. The basic principle is the same for all the varying transactions. The pur-

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pose of the producer is to sell his product. It is the sale of the last ten to fifteen per cent of production that renders the whole operation profitable. And one sale has precisely the same effect upon disposition of output that another sale has, regardless of the locality where either is made. It is the fact of the sale, not its geographical location, which brings the desired result. As James A. Farrell, President of the United States Steel Corporation, said in a recent public speech, a man who makes a thousand machines in a year has a thousand machines to sell, and a sale in Buluwayo, Christmas Island or Novorosisk has exactly the same effect upon the disposition of the machines as a sale in Kankakee or Tallahassee.

If, then, we agree that prosperity is, in fact, "successful progress in one's enterprises; material well-being," and that it is desired generally by all men all the time, we must also agree that what we call "foreign trade" is an essential contributor to it.

ANY producer, or any trader will readily agree that "more" trade would be a good thing and is desirable. On what other possible theory did the man who started canning tomatoes in Penn Yan branch out into the canning of corn, peas and beans also, and then into canning fruits? On what other theory did he extend his sales from Yates into Tompkins county and then into Chemung and Broome and Monroe? And then why did he go on into other States and across the border into Canada and finally into other countries? Simply to get more trade, more business and more profit.

What was the effect of this expansion of his enterprise? First of all it called for more labor on the part of the producers of fruits and vegetables in the vicinity of his packing plant. They exerted that labor and got their reward in the cash he paid them for their product. Next it called for more labor on the part of the employees of his plant and they, too, got their reward in more wages for the greater amount of work they did. Next it called for more labor and service on the part of the transportation companies employed in delivering the canned fruits and vegetables to the jobbers and retailers in various parts of the world who sold them to the consumers. And there was more money put into more circulation as a direct result.

THEN the farmers who grew the vegetables and fruits spent the money paid them by the canner for various things they needed or wanted — food, perhaps, and clothing and shelter, and maybe automobiles or radios and movies. And the men and women who produced those things got their compensation accordingly and in their turn bought hats and shoes, watermelons and ice cream. And so it went, with the effect of that one plant ramifying all over the United States and into a lot of foreign countries. So it goes with the effect of the other 297,000 plants, of every sort and variety, all over this land, until all the people of the United States are linked indissolubly to all the myriad transactions that make up the volume of our huge commerce. When it is recalled that in these days some five billion dollars' worth of American products are shipped every

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year to the peoples of other countries, and that every one of these products has a reflex upon all our people, it becomes a matter past question that the maintenance and expansion of our "foreign" trade is of importance to the well-being of all our hundred and twenty millions.

It is not difficult to state a fundamental rule for the prosperity of any people, anywhere, at any time. It is simply "occupation". Now occupation means production and production necessarily connotes disposition of the thing produced. The fact is that the industrial development of the United States has been such that, operating at normal rate and reasonably full handed, we are now capable of producing, and do annually produce, substantially more than the normal requirements of our people for consumption. Under such circumstances one of two things must happen. Either our producers must find other markets for a substantial part of their surplus or they will have to curtail their production. Curtailment of production means unemployment, stagnation of industry and business, distress and even disaster. The ultimate result is the soup kitchen, the bread line and public subscription to charitable organizations to aid in meeting and relieving the distress. It is the antithesis of prosperity. Finding other markets for their surplus — that is "foreign trade" — means, on the other hand, continuation of occupation for labor and capital, the payment of wages and dividends, the maintenance of business, and that successful progress in enterprise which, in a word, is prosperity.

The American people had a great object lesson in all this only a few years ago; so great, so far reaching in its effect, and so spectacular, withal, that it is a wonder anyone who went through it could ever let it get out of his mind for a moment. In the summer of 1914 this country was going along its usual course in its usual way, with hardly any sign of untoward development anywhere. There was a slight recession of business activity, the cause of which was a matter of lively discussion between the advocates of protective tariffs on one side and the protagonists of a revenue tariff on the other. But basically nothing whatever was wrong in the United States. The great factors of enterprise, production, transportation, communication and finance were functioning normally and well. The nation was at work, producing and distributing as usual.

Then came the outbreak of war in Europe, and in a single day bleak disaster smote this happy land. Every form of enterprise and every agency of business felt the effect, and there was immediate general curtailment of activities everywhere. At once there was a staggering volume of unemployment, with its myriad forms of consequent distress. In New York and other cities food houses were opened and bread lines were formed. Every day from my office window I could see long lines of men and women waiting in the street to receive from a charitable organization a dole of bread. The Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army and other organizations were soliciting public contributions with which to give employment to men who could not find work at

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their regular vocations. Five hours a day was all they could give, and ten cents an hour was their rate of pay.

Yet only one thing had happened, there was only one cause for this distress. It was that our foreign trade had been checked. The nations in Europe which had gone to war owned most of the ships that were engaged in carrying our exports from our shores and bringing our imports to them. Less than ten per cent of our foreign commerce was borne in vessels under the American flag. The nations at war withdrew their vessels from their peaceful occupation and put them into belligerent service. Almost in a day our exports and our imports were reduced approximately to nothing, and it was not until the belligerent nations began to feel the need of military and other supplies from the United States, that they sent their ships here again. Even then it was not to carry our commerce that the vessels came, but to secure the supplies their owners needed for war purposes. Four or five months of dire disaster was the effect upon this country of this check to our foreign trade. There could hardly be a greater or more convincing demonstration of the true relationship of foreign commerce to the prosperity of every individual in the United States than this.

We are proud of the growth of our country, of its development in enterprise and industry. We constantly seek to increase our great production. But unless we also seek successfully to distribute that increasing production in other markets, we shall surely invite disaster.

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A Body and Soul Clinic

By John Lee Maddox

Where clergymen and physicians mobilize the combined power of religion and science for the cure of human ailments

"Heart absolutely normal." Lowering his stethoscope, the chief physician of the Body and Soul Clinic at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie looked over the rims of his glasses into the face of the patient. The face was worth studying. Fear had been written in every line of it while the stethoscope was in position and great drops of perspiration still stood out upon the forehead. At the matter-of-fact "heart absolutely normal", the fear was supplanted by a look of bewilderment.

"What made you think you had heart trouble?" asked the physician sympathetically.

The story came jumpily, nervously, and with much emotion. The patient, plainly a man of intelligence and fair education, explained that he was forty years of age and of Irish extraction. Up to the outbreak of the World War, he said, he never knew he had a heart. Then, however, he began to worry. Suppose that he should be drafted, sent over seas — what then? He did not care about himself, but what of the wife and two children? He brooded over this gloomy prospect and could think of little else. In a short time, going about his daily tasks, he experienced a tired feeling and a thin, restless sleep was all that he could get at night. When the dreaded summons from the draft board came, the man was rejected for military service — because of his heart.

The seed had been sown; the prisoner had listened to his doom. He had heart trouble and although he would never be killed in battle he might drop dead at any moment.

He went home and at once began to have heart symptoms — pains in the chest, shortness of breath on exertion and rapid pulse. His work as a tenement house inspector took him up many flights of stairs and always, before the climb, he would sit down on the curb and give way to tears of terror. He could not enter an elevator without experiencing distress in the region of the thorax.

He went from doctor to doctor. One told him that his heart was sound, another heard an unusual noise in the chest, a third called him a fool, warning him that if he did not stop worrying he would shortly have cause for real worry. These contra-

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dictory reports increased his mental perturbation, and he grew so cranky that his wife could not understand him and the happiness of his home was endangered.

At last he was advised to present himself for treatment at New York's unique Body and Soul Clinic, an enterprise of the church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. Thither he went with little hope of benefit or relief.

"But," said the physician, "there is all the hope in the world for you. You have no heart trouble. Your difficulty is fear — fear, not of your heart, not even of death, but of the emotions which sweep over you at the thought of your heart and all the associations you have built up around it. You do not fear stairways, you do not really fear death, for no person could really wish to live as you are now living. What you do fear is the emotional upheaval which suffocates you and sets your heart to pounding when you are forced to face any one of the train of associations from which you are trying to escape."

THE patient replied that he saw the physician's point, but that he could not understand what good a knowledge of his trouble would do if the emotions persisted in sweeping over him.

The doctor answered that after an examination and diagnosis the sufferer would receive a definite, scientific course of physical and psychical treatment in response to which a sense of well-being would come over him and that, in due course of time, his fear would be completely assimilated.

The examination and diagnosis were made, the treatment was applied. Relief, according to the patient's testimony, was almost immediate. For some time he had ups and downs, but the downs soon lost their terror, and in a short time he was well. He came and went freely, fearing neither elevators nor stairways, and with restored health, happiness returned to his home.

This man is typical of thousands who have passed through the Body and Soul Clinic at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie.

ST. MARK'S, it may be interesting to remark, is, for the United States, an ancient church. It stands in New York City upon the original site of Governor Peter Stuyvesant's Bouwerie, or country seat, and its crypt contains all that is left of the Dutch Governor's mortal remains. And in this old church something new in the way of physical, mental and spiritual healing is being attempted. Without pretense of magic, or divination, or miracle working, but operating upon a sanely scientific basis, the enterprise is apparently meeting with success. Since its beginning nearly six years ago, more than twenty thousand patients have passed through the treatment rooms and, according to the records, nearly every case has been benefited.

The importance, in the metropolis of the country, of such a free clinic will be borne in upon the reader by a contemplation of the recent rapid increase in the number of persons suffering from nervous troubles. According to Dr. Horatio M. Pollock, Director of the Statistical Bureau of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, the rate of increase

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of nervous or mental diseases far exceeds that of the general population. In 1880 the number of such patients in public institutions was 40,942 or 81.6 per 100,000 of the general population. In 1890 the number per hundred thousand had increased to 118.2. In 1923 the patients in 105 hospitals for mental disease in thirty States were 218.5 per 100,000 of population; and by 1927, the latest year for which statistics are available, 226.9.

LET it be understood that, although the St. Mark's movement combines medicine with religion, it is neither an establishment for the practice and propagation of fads, nor an institution of psychoanalytic performance, nor a cult of divine healing.

The Body and Soul Medical and Mental Clinic functions under the direction of the National Association for the Advancement of Scientific Healing, an organization founded to promote scientific coöperation between religion and medicine, particularly for the treatment of those delicate, functional, nervous diseases known as psychoneuroses. On the board of directors are such distinguished men as William G. McAdoo, Samuel Untermyer, George Gordon Battle, the Rev. E. Clowes Chorley, the Rev. Guy Emery Shipler, and the Rev. Joseph A. Leighton.

For the work of physical, mental and spiritual healing, the church buildings are utilized not only on Sundays but throughout the week. Clergymen, social workers and physicians coöperate daily to the end that religion and medicine may bring peace and health to the whole man. The clergymen include, besides William Norman Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's, half a dozen other influential religious leaders of New York and New Jersey. Various well known physicians are identified with the project. And this last group is no less important in the work than the first, for although the clinic operates in, and is sponsored by, a church, it definitely recognizes medical supervision. Contrarily, it is the first clinic under medical supervision to recognize that religion has a vital place in the treatment of disease.

THE founder and director of the Body and Soul Clinic (and also the founder of the National Association for the Advancement of Scientific Healing) is Dr. Edward Spencer Cowles, a graduate of the University College of Medicine at Richmond, Virginia, and of Harvard Medical School. While a medical student Dr. Cowles determined to specialize in the field of psychoneurotic disorders. Eventually he worked out an independent technique of treatment and now constantly applies it, both in private practice and at St. Mark's.

At the clinic everybody, irrespective of race, creed or color, is welcomed without money and without price, and the authorities try to give close attention to every phase of a patient's life — physical, mental, moral, social and spiritual.

The first step is what a patient would encounter in any conventional clinic. It is — to the surprise of some who come vaguely prepared for exorcisms and anointing with oils and other superstitious practices too often associated with religious healings —

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no more and no less than a thorough physical examination by skilled men of medicine.

This examination includes every modern medical test which may throw light upon the patient's condition.

If infections are found they are removed as far as possible by the clinic's physicians; if surgical interference is indicated it is arranged for with no expense to the patient; if so-called social diseases are found, the patient is put under active treatment until all traces disappear.

This searching entrance examination sharply differentiates the St. Mark's clinic from faddism, cultism and faith healing. And, thanks to it, the physicians often find and successfully treat conditions which if neglected might cost the patient his life.

JUST as the St. Mark's clinic differs from faddism so does it differ from the usual clinic and hospital. Here the distinction is the mental examination which follows the physical. In this the examiner leads the patient to tell his life's history in ten-year periods for the double purpose of revealing any mental conflicts, and of tracing them from their beginnings. The clinic staff then study and correlate the findings of both physical and mental examinations and diagnose the case upon a basis of all factors.

Not infrequently, examiners learn from the mental history that there are conflicts due to home conditions. Then a skilled social worker is sent to investigate. If he finds that unfavorable conditions are exaggerated, he endeavors by constructive explanation to remove the kinks from the patient's mind. But if he finds real troubles — a sick child, a husband out of employment, a household below the standard of decent living — he reports back to the clinic council. Then the most practical kind of relief is given — the sick child is cared for, a situation is found for the unemployed, and ways are devised to raise the standard of living. It is not difficult to understand how social service of this kind would greatly facilitate both physical and mental recovery.

The physicians at the clinic are heartily in accord with the theory that mental trouble is responsible for more physical sickness than is usually supposed. Many authorities assert that there is as much bodily distress caused by mental disorders as there is mental distress caused by bodily disorders, and the doctors at St. Mark's hold that fully eighty per cent of such physical ills as stomach and intestinal disturbances may be traced to mental causes.

AS REGARDS mental diseases, they contend that these, whatever their symptoms, are caused by a superimposition of mental and emotional disturbances upon nerve cell exhaustion. The nerve cell in its normal state represents one hundred units of energy. An individual, in the routine duties of the day, may use up twenty units and suffer no injury, provided he has a good night's rest. But when overwork, or fear, or worry reduces the nerve cell energy so that it ranges permanently between eighty and sixty units, the patient is in the neurasthenic field. When the nerve cell energy drops to between

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sixty and forty units the patient is in the field of melancholia where he has the despair of a lost soul and suicidal intentions. When the nerve cell energy drops to between forty and twenty units, the patient is in the field of mania, his symptoms being characterized by flight of ideas — the mind leaping like wildfire from thought to thought. When the nerve cell energy falls below twenty degrees the patient is in the field of delirium and exhaustion.

THE St. Mark's physicians do not tell a patient in whom one of these conditions exists that he only imagines he is sick and that if he does not stop worrying he will eventually fetch up in a madhouse. Instead they treat the sick mind so as to restore it to health, thus enabling it to stop worrying, by a method as exact and certain, in the hands of the man who understands it, as is the knife in the hands of the brain surgeon. By application of this method, combining medicine and suggestion, they maintain that painful bodily sensations are eased, nerve cells take up nourishment and increase their energy content, and the impulses which had been violently breaking over the nerve threshold are held in check.

It is remarkable to learn from this class of sufferers how their symptoms in a short time subside, their digestions improve, their appetites increase, a pervasive sense of well-being comes over them, they recover their balance, and become well and able again to take up life and work.

The organist of a large New York church characterized his malady as doubt obsession. A short time before, a fire had broken out in the church and damaged the organ. He began to wonder whether the accident had been caused by carelessness. After every practice hour he would carefully examine the organ, lock it up, and start for home — twenty miles from the city. But after he had taken his train a distressing doubt would often drive him to get off at the first station and return to the church only to find that all was well. Sometimes the pernicious doubt would flare up, banish sleep, and compel him to get out of bed. He made that trip to New York one grewsome night three separate times, reviled himself as a hopeless idiot, and the next morning presented himself at the clinic, certain that he was insane. After a few weeks' treatment he was well, sleeping soundly, with the torturing doubt forever dispelled.

A YOUNG lawyer, a few years after having established himself in a lucrative practice, found himself obsessed by an unreasonable fear of entering his own office. He could not muster sufficient courage to pass through the door because of an undefined fear of meeting his employees. This fear upset his entire nervous system and he was really a sick man. In only a few weeks, after treatment at St. Mark's, he was completely cured.

An actor for twelve years had been afraid, during the summer months, to venture into the open lest he suffocate. For two years before submitting to treatment he had not been outside his house in July and August. He thought he was the only person in the world harassed in such a manner and was ashamed to tell anyone. After two or three weeks at St. Mark's he

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was entirely well and could go to any place in any kind of weather.

An interesting feature of the clinic is the periodical gathering of patients, new and old, sick and well, young and middle-aged. The attendance is always so great that there is scarcely standing room in the parish hall. A programme, in which prominent dramatic artists often take part, is rendered, refreshments are served, and the evening is brought to a close with dancing.

IT HAS been found that these parties stimulate new patients and quicken the interest of others; that they satisfy the instinct for healthful play in the lives of individuals who have little opportunity for pleasure; that they furnish occasions for young persons to meet in a proper manner; besides affording the staff opportunity for observing all patients under ordinary environmental conditions. That the warm human atmosphere and hospitable spirit react upon patients favorably is evident from their sympathetic behavior toward one another. The attitude of all toward a young mother who fancied that she loved neither her baby nor an older child illustrates this. As she began to improve, the others were gratified.

"Have you seen Mrs. T. today? She has brought the baby's picture to show us. And she is telling everybody how well the other little fellow is doing at school. You can see that she is very proud."

As to the part of religion in this work, it is believed at St. Mark's that man has a soul and that if body and soul are to be kept together, in the highest sense, account must be taken not only of the sick body and mind but likewise of the sick spirit. The clergymen, therefore, give their services, not as spirit exorcisers, but as re-educators of the unfortunate whose condition may be owing to theological conflicts.

The clinic records indicate that the prevailing theological burden is the fear of having committed the Unpardonable Sin. Although none can tell what this sin is, many believe they have committed it. So, after the physician does his work, the clergyman begins his ministrations by explaining that authorities disagree as to what constitutes the Unpardonable Sin. The most reasonable definition, he points out, is that those guilty of this offense are dead to every impulse of good, incapable of any beneficent thought, word, or deed. It is not difficult to prove to the patient that he does not belong to so low a category; and the instant he is convinced, his cure begins.

A CASE in point is that of a nervous, delicate girl. One Sunday in church she conceived the idea of substituting the words "holy post" for Holy Ghost. She was at once conscience-stricken. The tortured and keenly sensitive mind began to find substitutes for every sacred word and phrase and presently these substitutions grew unclean in character. Presently she became convinced that she was the vilest of the vile and that there was no hell deep enough for her. At St. Mark's a wise clergyman took her in hand. He convinced her that she was not a wicked girl; on the contrary, it was her pureness of mind that made her suffer from the belief that she had insulted God. He finally

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led her to see that if she were sinful and sacrilegious, she would glory in the fact, flaunting her blasphemies openly and brazenly. After three months the patient had recovered, went into training, and is now herself nursing sick bodies and souls.

The conviction at St. Mark's that whatever a patient's illness and whatever the treatment, a spiritual revitalization is of decided benefit, is further attested by a religious gathering held each clinic day in the main body of the church for all patients who are approximately normal. The physicians have completed their work, and patients sent to outside specialists have returned. All assemble in the sanctuary. The light stealing through the stained glass windows is soft and dim. The church is enshrouded in an atmosphere of quiet, beauty, and peace. A deep reverence for holy things wells up in every heart. After a few moments of restful, worshipful quiet, a clergyman, or an educator, or a physician, makes a short address, re-educational and spiritual in character. The speakers do not attempt to teach any particular doctrine or creed, but they try to open up spiritual horizons. They stress an active as well as a passive faith. They strive to impress upon the patients that the faith which moves mountains is not a faith that waits for mountains to move, but a positive act of conquest. This stimulating ideal is set forth for the purpose of making the listeners appreciate that man will conquer every difficulty, rid himself of all sickness and disease, and rise to an ascendancy over nature, when he has the persistent faith to discover, and the obedient faith to comply with, the necessary laws. At the close of the address, everyone is asked to relax during a simple service of meditation consisting of words of spiritual comfort and consolation taken for the most part from the Scriptures. After this service all sit quietly for a time. Then every patient goes out into the sunshine of a freer and happier life of body, soul, and spirit.

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Other Games for Golfers

By Raymond Walters

In which the Dean of Swarthmore offers some intellectual equivalents to solace the devotee of the links when weather prevents his major pursuit

To list the charms of golf as golfers see them would be to pile up the poetical tributes of lovers to their ladies from Herrick down to Yeats. "Aye!" comments a veteran of the links; "but the golfer is more constant!"

Analyzing these charms with the scientific detachment of a devotee of the rival goddess tennis, I find three compelling explanations of why golfers leave home: First, the lure of playing oneself, instead of merely watching others play; Second, the difficulties of the game, entailing an assiduous and interminable wooing; Third, the combination of the unexpected and the familiar in every shot.

Now tennis also has these — but that may pass. Let golf, in view of the numerical supremacy of its millions of followers, stand for both of these ancient games which keep their lovers from final bliss, "though winning near the goal".

Since our industrial and business system grants most of us a weekly bonus of leisure undreamed of by our fathers who knew not golf, the question arises as to our use of the time when links are dark, icy or soggy with spring and summer rains. (Our veteran of the links here remarks: "Cold, mud, rain, may deter the dilettante; snow and Stygian darkness are the only inhibitors of the true golfer.")

Are there indoor equivalents of these outdoor fascinations? To limit the question, What are the intellectual parallels of golf? Our use of the term intellectual will arbitrarily rule out such exercises of mental agility as bridge and poker; and it will similarly eliminate the radio, the movies, most stage plays, most concerts, and much reading. For our purposes the term (following the Greek conception) will include the artistic as well as the intellectual; each for itself and not for educational or ethical by-products.

Others may name their alternatives. I cite five intellectual parallels for golf; parallels pursued not professionally but as a diversion; possessing golf's characteristics of difficulty, unexpectedness, familiarity; and above all demanding that the individual shall not merely see and

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hear but shall himself participate — swing his own driver at his own ball.

The first parallel may be found in systematic reading. How widely such reading prevails is indicated in the figures of the American Library Association. During the past few years more than two million persons have purchased, in public libraries throughout the country, pamphlets in the *Reading with a Purpose* series, published by the Association. Among varied types of library patrons there has been an extraordinary response to the recommendations of these introductory pamphlets, grouping books in philosophy, history, economics, international relations, psychology, music, sculpture, painting and other fields. Thousands have taken up the thirty-one reading courses of the United States Bureau of Education. President Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books and similar collections continue to sell largely. Beyond these general recommendations other thousands are taking advantage of reading plans for their individual tastes offered by staff experts of the Chicago Library, the Detroit Library, the Cleveland Library, the libraries of Newark, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Seattle, Milwaukee, Syracuse, Dayton, Grand Rapids, and other cities.

IN RURAL parts of the South and West, where free library facilities are meagre, some of the State Universities are supplying by mail both books and guidance. There has been a great popularity in the home reading courses conducted by seventeen institutions: the Universities of Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Utah, Virginia, State College of Washington, and Wisconsin. Dr. Learned cites one farmer who reported to his book station a co-operative enterprise by which his wife read aloud to him over ninety books in one year — while he milked the cows!

THAT college men and women may, as alumni, have the continuing intellectual guidance of Alma Mater is the aim of a movement now becoming national in scope. Princeton made a beginning in this field in 1920. Amherst, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Smith, Vassar and a few others have done pioneer work in affording their alumni services which included reading courses, reading lists, loan libraries and personal advisory counsel. One college enrolled 1,700 alumni for reading courses. And now the American Alumni Council, composed of alumni secretaries of colleges and universities in all parts of the United States, is joining with the American Association for Adult Education in a plan for continuing education after graduation.

These several enterprises are, it should be stressed, not courses for vocational or professional training; they aim to make systematic reading for the individual an intellectual project.

The possibilities of reading as a game — a true parallel for golf — are hinted at in the Faerie Queene Club of Professor Phelps, and in the American Legion group numbering legionnaires who have read in its entirety Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Since they did

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not read to get their salaries raised nor too patently for self-improvement, these readers do not hesitate, any more than do golfers, to tell their score.

WHAT opportunities there are here, if only we avoid the pedantic and the second-rate! Not anthologies nor excerpts nor books about books, but entire writings (in separate volumes, whenever possible). Inviting the reader is the rich range of human thought: poetry, history, biography, the drama, philosophy, science; with fields stretching beyond and beyond, an infinite variety defying boredom. Whatever his tastes, the reader may have his round of nine holes or eighteen or thirty-six in Chaucer's *Troilus*, or Shakespeare's historical plays, or Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, or Grote's *History of Greece*, or the philosophy of Kant or of William James, or the science lectures of Huxley or of Tyndall, or the complete novels of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, or Galsworthy.

Someone should devise rules for reading as a game, with a variety of areas for personal inclination, with a scheme of scoring for a winter season and a summer season, *but no system of academic credits or diplomas*. Then we could make the realm of intellect a playing-field and proceed, in Santayana's words, "to sport according to the rules of the game, and . . . do things for the sake of doing them, rather than for any ulterior motive."

A second intellectual parallel for golf is amateur authorship. There are no statistics, but the uncounted host of non-professionals who are working on poems, stories, essays, movie scenarios, novels and plays probably approaches the number of golfers; attest, magazine editors, book publishers, movie and theatrical producers.

Far from being deplorable or laughable, this condition is healthy and prognostic. One authentic sign of a nation turning intellectual is a luxuriant crop of amateur writers. As Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has said, "in poesy as in every other human business, the more there are who practise it the greater will be the chance of *someone's* reaching perfection." If it is "the impetus of the undistinguished host that flings forward a Diomed or a Hector," America may look for a revival of letters such as the era of Emerson and Hawthorne.

MEANWHILE, as with the undistinguished golfer, the undistinguished writer finds satisfaction in trying to better his game. He is happier when, like the amateur golfer, he keeps away from professional competition until long practice in literary driving and putting has developed expertness. That numerous amateurs are obtaining such practice in Pepysian recording is suggested by the brisk sale of diaries reported by publishers. This revival of an old-time custom may have been stimulated by the diarising of newspaper column conductors. In these columns hundreds of amateurs each year make fledgling flights, with contributions of verse and paragraphs that are often of praiseworthy quality.

Both for practice in writing and as a literary form in itself, the paper

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read before a women's club is affording the intellectual woman a real opportunity. The same thing is true for the man who addresses a business or professional association or a "service club." Precisely because they are so often bored, club audiences are appreciative of really clear thinking, felicitous phrasing, humor and brevity.

Music may furnish a third intellectual parallel for golf. Among the millions in America who hear music with pleasure there are now a multitude who have learned to listen to it with understanding also. More eager than any golfer, if you should ask them, are those lovers of music who follow by score the concerts of the symphony orchestras in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Detroit, Los Angeles and other cities. Here, as with the reading of books, there may be apprehension at once active and intellectual.

The ideal parallel with golf is when your lover of music is an amateur performer. Even though his performance reminds neighbors of Keats's lines, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," your amateur is happy with a happiness comparable with that of the golfer who is sure his game is improving.

The number of musical amateurs throughout the country is increasing prodigiously. Canon Fellowes has told how, in Elizabethan England, it was quite expected that one should join the after-dinner group in playing the lute and in part-time singing of madrigals. A forecast of something approaching this in the America of the future may be seen in the hundreds of orchestras and bands in schools and in the new standard of taste and attainment of college musical clubs.

What a community chorus may accomplish is demonstrated in the annual festivals of the Bach Choir at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Conductor J. Fred Wolle has proved that men and women without exceptional voice and without previous professional training may combine to produce, as a chorus, singing of a standard transcendently beyond their individual capacities. Because of their enduring ardor and Dr. Wolle's leadership, these singers experience the joy of artistic rendition of Bach's mighty works.

The field of the fine arts furnishes a fourth parallel for golf. Until day before yesterday, the atmosphere of the art museum was that of an expensive and correct jewelry store. Museum directors changed that almost overnight. Today they utilize department store methods of advertising and salesmanship to attract the public to view their own and loan exhibits, to listen to lectures and gallery talks. How successful the new policy is may be illustrated in the record of the largest of American museums, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. The 1928 record shows a total of one million visitors; attendances of more than 50,000 persons at 850 lectures, and 70,000 at eight free concerts; 31,000 receiving staff instruction, 4,000 receiving special assistance, and 3,000 borrowing loan collections.

Dealers in artists' supplies will tell you that business men frequently come to their stores, somewhat on

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the sly, to buy paints, brushes, canvas, drawing materials. The first organization of business men to meet regularly to draw and to paint under guidance was the Amateur Art Club of Chicago, established several years ago. The plan is spreading, and clubs of business men in Denver, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and other cities now find art effort an absorbing and rewarding hobby.

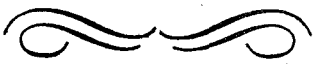
What the exhibitions of art museums offer to residents of large cities and suburbs is partly duplicated for those in smaller communities and rural districts through the activity of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The Federation lends travelling exhibits of painting and sculpture to women's clubs in localities away from the art centres.

A FIFTH form of intellectual golf may be found in certain of the enterprises which are catalogued as adult education. In this market-basket term are included workers' education, corporation courses, private correspondence courses; public evening schools, schools of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Knights of Columbus, and the Hebrew Associations; library and museum offerings; Chautauquas, lyceums, open forums, etc. — a group of activities now coördinated in the American Association for Adult Education.

Of the legions of men and women thus engaged, probably ninety-nine out of every hundred are studying and reading to advance themselves in their vocations. But there are, in large cities and small, in rural districts, and on ships at sea, many men of many minds who are one in pursuing adult education with the spirit expressed by the Workers' Education Association of England: not bread and butter subjects but sustained intellectual effort. Such individuals surely qualify under our definition as intellectual golfers.

A CLOSING thought. Golf unquestionably holds the record for sports begun by players no longer youthful. There now comes evidence that the intellectual parallels for golf have the same possibilities. Experiments of Dr. E. L. Thorndike, the eminent psychologist, showed that a group of an average of forty-two years acquired various forms of knowledge nearly as fast as a group averaging twenty-two years, and that the ability to learn declines so slowly that "persons under fifty years should seldom be deterred from trying to learn anything they really need to learn by the fear that they are too old. And to a lesser degree this is true after fifty years also."

Anything which we really need to learn! That should embrace, I think, learning to make the intellectual world a playing-field where the amateur plays the game for the game's sake.



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What the Churches Must Do

By Chauncey J. Hawkins

Religion, says a prominent clergyman, must send men forth, not as sinners unto Judge, but as co-workers with Deity, to create a more livable world

Sincere churchmen are attempting to shut their eyes to the crisis that confronts them, but they manifest a restlessness which indicates that they are not entirely blind to the situation before the Church. The conspicuous fact about modern Church life is that the leaders of organized Christianity are using every effort to stimulate "activity." They have adopted the methods of propaganda which have been used successfully by the secular world. Every denomination of Protestantism, as well as the Roman Catholic Church, makes use of the newspaper, the religious press and tracts to scatter ideas and methods over the earth. Every minister and priest is deluged with plans, appeals and commands issued from a central office. Committees are trying to drag young men into holy orders, a sign that the Church has lost her former spiritual compulsion. Missionary programmes and "study classes" are issued to the multitudes, who wonder what it is all about. The "social gospel" is proclaimed from professorial chairs, but its zeal is checked by its vagueness. We cannot escape the impression that all of this activity is an unconscious effort to cover a fundamental sickness, which is depleting the Church of spiritual power.

The disturbing fact is, that while the Churches, both Protestant and Catholic, are engaged in this "revival of propaganda," they are rapidly losing the more intellectual classes, while their recruiting is largely from the less intellectual strata of society. Their appeal is chiefly to the emotions. They make free use of ritual, pageant, drama and effectively staged sermons. Guignebert, professor of Christianity in the University of Paris, says: "In our days many (Catholic) priests bring their instructions to bear solely upon the great spiritual affirmations of religion and ethics; they neglect dogma deliberately, and in this way adjust Catholicism to the practical needs of the faithful." The result of this "practical" attitude of the Church is that she is continually losing her hold on the thoughtful element in society, while the scientific spirit, spread broadcast through magazines and

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newspapers, continues to make disciples at a rapidly increasing rate.

The Protestant Church confronts an equally trying problem. When Luther and his followers broke with the Roman Church, they took with them from Scholasticism all that had been vital to the thought of the period. They renounced the Papacy and most of the ritual and ecclesiasticism of Rome, but they reaffirmed mediæval dogma.

PROTESTANTISM continued the traditional concepts of God, man and salvation. It differed chiefly in its emphasis on the methods by which this salvation was to be attained. While it denied the authority of the Church, it soon substituted the authority of the Bible and hence closed the door to free inquiry, which was rapidly becoming the spirit of modern culture. It was an authority which could not be enforced. The result was that Protestantism soon broke into a chaos of theological opinions and ritualistic abuses. With the exception of a comparatively small group of Modernists, Protestantism still clings to the infallibility of the Bible and closes the door to the method of science. Every effort it makes to effect a reunion of the Church only serves to emphasize its hopeless divisions, while the fight which the preponderating Fundamentalism makes against science, whether in the realm of biology or historical criticism, and her bitterness against Modernism, reveals the fact that Protestantism is as hopelessly committed to Scholasticism as is the Church of Rome. Nothing could be a more searching comment on the state of religion in Protestantism than the fact that showmen, like "Billy" Sunday and, we might add, show-women like Mrs. McPherson, represent an outstanding tendency in the Church of America, while over fifty per cent of the pulpits are occupied by uninformed ministers. Like Catholicism, the Protestant Church is making a mighty show of "activity." It is becoming a "seven day Church," with all sorts of clubs. But it has no doctrine which has been won out of its struggle with the modern world. We are inclined to affirm of Protestantism, as Guignebert did of Catholicism, "Logically, as well as historically, it does not seem as if it will find any other fate than that which remains for us when we have used up our strength and filled up the number of our days — to break up and die, to return to Nature the elements lent by her, that she may use them again according to her good pleasure."

THE last hope of the Church is in Modernism, as its followers are struggling to bring religion into harmony with the scientific spirit. Whether she will succeed is a debatable question. Already the Church of Rome has been triumphant over Modernism within her ranks and has silenced the voice of her scholars who sought to work a reform which would save the historic faith by bringing it into harmony with modern thought.

Modernism within the Protestant fold has not fulfilled the promise it gave the world a few years ago. The chief reason is that it has not yet created a dogma it can proclaim. The negative results of the Modernist have been important. He gave to the world the science of historical

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criticism which took men back of Scholasticism to the Christ of history. He has destroyed the dogma of the infallibility of the Church and the Bible. He has reconstructed the Bible by telling us how it was written. But the results of historical criticism leave us cold when we ask for a religion. Professor Whitehead wisely remarks, "It is a curious delusion that the rock upon which our belief can be founded is an historical investigation." We are not living in the First Century of the Christian era; we cannot go backward. It is immaterial to us what Jesus taught, unless what He taught can be fitted into our world of the Twentieth Century. If we live in such a world as Nietzsche described, it may be logical to declare that Christianity is the most immoral blot upon our history. If this world is a blind machine, where things happen by chance, then why take any idealist in earnest?

If the Modernist is to contribute to the religious needs of our day he must create an adequate dogma in harmony with modern tendencies. Every great age in religion has had to do this and our age will be no exception. If we have said anything about the higher critics which might be construed as unkind, we affirm that such has not been our purpose. These men have been necessary to our age of transition in religion. There was much superstition that had to be cleared away and much dogma which was proclaimed on the authority of the inspired word of God which could not justify its claim. But now that the work of the critics has been done, the question arises whether the Church can create an adequate metaphysics on which a new theology can be built and which will be a satisfying explanation of religious experience.

Albert C. Dieffenbach, in his recently published book, *Religious Liberty*, utters a severe criticism against the Church, declaring that it has surrendered its search for truth and that the Fundamentalists are in possession in all the larger fields. "To-day the Modernists in all the denominations have retired. Not a notable figure remains in the field. . . . The movement to give us a liberated Church has bolted and collapsed." We do not think the situation is quite as black as Dr. Dieffenbach points out. Yet if we grant his contention, it does not follow that we are to accept his explanation of the cause of this disastrous retreat.

If Fundamentalism is entrenched in the Churches, it is only because men are reluctant to break away from old moorings until they are given something better. Modernism has failed to give us a Gospel to be preached. It is true that it has cleared the way for the creation of such a Gospel, destroying much of the "higher foolishness" that has accumulated about religion; but the day has come for the philosopher to build upon the critic and to create a message of good news for a generation that has been looking for bread and has been given a stone. The hope of the Church is in neither the Modernist nor the Fundamentalist, but in the man who can translate religious experience into the thought-forms of our day and through this language can fill the lives of men with a new hope.

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Religion must prove its worth through the experience of the reality of the object worshiped. If we could prove by reason the existence of God, we might still have a God who is no real help to us. The astronomer might prove by abstract mathematics that there is a sun, yet the sun would not be real to us until we could feel its warmth. The final test of our religion will not be whether our logic is conclusive, but whether our worship is satisfying.

The worship of the Christian Church, during the past centuries, has gathered largely around the promise of the forgiveness of sins. It had reality to the worshiper because his whole conception of God and man made forgiveness the chief issue of life. It conceived of the world as a vast court. God was the Judge; man was the guilty culprit who had sinned in his first parent, Adam, and has continued to sin ever since. He was under condemnation and justly deserved the punishment which had been given to him. His greatest need was to escape this doom and when the Church, through its sacraments and theology, offered a way of escape, it was providing what was vital to man. It made possible escape from future doom and the winning of future happiness.

But in the light of our belief in an evolving world and our faith in Deity immanent in the process, we no longer regard this world as a court of justice nor God as the Judge. Our world is not primarily a place where rewards and punishments are dispensed to the righteous and the wicked, but a place where the chief object of life is to adjust itself to its environment. We know that life survives only as it is able to meet and fit itself to the world in which it lives. It must be remembered that our environment is not a static, dead-level world, but a world that is always changing, becoming more complex and requiring greater complexity and richness of life in the individual who is to meet it. What was environment, for instance, to the passengers on the *Mayflower* would be a very simple affair compared to the man who lives in New York in this generation. The requirements to meet the world of New York, with its complexity of business, social and political relationships, are much greater than the needs of the Pilgrim community.

The question arises, does the Church, through its worship, have anything to offer that will enable man to fit himself into this environment and build a better world? Can the Church meet men who have ceased to think of their world in the ancient fashion and who are now intent upon building a manhood and a womanhood which will make a better social order? The present day dramatization of mediævalism is offered to a generation that has ceased to be mediæval. The worship of the Church must be more than a sacred concert or a religious lecture, if it is to meet the present day needs. Through its worship it must lift men to a new level of life, giving to them the consciousness that it fits them to meet present demands and overcome the drag of the past, and send them forth fitted to build a new and better world.

We do not forget that not all men are builders. There are wounded

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souls, men who have lost in the battle of life, who have been cut and scarred by their sins and who are crying, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" Sorrow frequently leaves a sting that numbs life and makes the future dark and unpromising. Disappointment takes courage from many lives and leaves them crippled along the way. Such people reach for cosmic support. They want a God who is a place of refuge in the time of trouble. Religion has always offered to such people a way of escape and it is not conceivable that any religion can long survive which does not offer help to the submerged in spirit. On the other hand, worship must never create a race of lazy men who excuse the ills and shortcomings of society by removing from men the responsibility to correct these evils, and push it on to the inscrutable mystery.

There is probably no danger that the Church will cease to speak of hope for the broken-hearted; but until the Church, through its worship, arouses men to go forth as co-workers with God for the creation of a more livable world, there will always be a much larger proportion of sufferers on the earth than there is any need to be.

WORSHIP, both in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, has lost many of the most intelligent Christians because the fundamental idea upon which it rests is no longer real to them. It no longer brings to them a feeling of the presence of God because it still presents God in the garb they have discarded. Protestants go to church and become an audience, a group of listeners. They no longer pray, but listen to the minister pray. They wait restlessly through the "opening service" for the sermon to begin. Professor Pratt, writing of the Catholic service, says: "In Italy and France, for example, there are a great many good men — nominally Catholics — to whom the Mass is simply foolishness. To them, the Latin mumbling of the priest is a useless repetition, and the incense and candles are a kind of earnest nonsense. Not believing strongly or at all in the Real Presence . . . they fail to get anything out of the service, hence they stay away."

NOTHING can be more evident than the fact that both Protestants and Catholics remain away from the Church because they feel the meaninglessness of the worship, yet retain a feeling of sympathy with the Church. They would like to see it offer them something real and they believe it could do so. But the Church fails to give them what they ask.

Before the Church will meet this need it must break with the past and clearly recognize and define what its task is. This will not be easy to accomplish. The Church has never yet seriously undertaken the task of lifting the present world to the emergent level of Deity as it was manifested in the moral attitude of Jesus. The actual degeneration of the Church began when she conquered Rome. For generations she had not given any thought to the redemption of the present world. She expected daily that all governments on earth would suddenly come to an end, Christ would return and the faithful

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would be taken by Him to His eternal kingdom. But, as the generations passed and Christ did not return, and as the Church became a ruler over the secular affairs of Rome, and Christians turned to the creation of government and the social structure, then they faced the question as to what manner of men they should be as they undertook these tasks.

THE moral standards of the Christ seemed too high for mortal men to follow. The result was that they remained churchly in their dogmas and became secular in their conduct. The ethics of the pagan European became their ethics, while their lips mumbled the ritual and theology of the Church. As statesmen, as social builders and in their private life, they followed the ways of their barbarian inheritance, while they took the Mass as their guaranty of salvation from future torment. The statesmen of Europe, for the most part Churchmen, have never risen above the trickery and selfishness of their early forbears, and the Church, whenever it has entered the temporal realm, has made no attempt to rise above the moral level of contemporary life. It is much more than a half truth that Christianity has never yet been tried. Until the Church sincerely faces this fact and has the courage to attempt to bring the world to a new level of life, it will have no leadership to offer men who are crying for a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

It is the task of the Church to bring men to the realization of a world that has Creative Purpose at the heart of it, a living God Who is the Power by which emergents emerge. No wonder men feel they have been given a stone when the whole liturgy of the Church drags them away to the conception of a God Who apparently has nothing to do with the making of the present world and Whose only function seems to be that of a parole officer who gets them out of prison. The man of our day waits for a new worship that will send him back to his task with the feeling that he is working through mechanism with a God Who is in the whole process, Who has been manifesting His glory through successive levels of moral values, that the Deity in the process of nature and history has burst upon the world at a new level in the Christ, a level of love and good-will, toward which all the nations look for deliverance.

NOTHING can have any place in the worship of the future which does not make man feel that he receives in the Church a motivation which will enable him to dedicate his life to the task of building a world of which he has learned through the cultural agencies and the idealism of his time. Instead of causing him to feel when he enters the Church that he has entered into an atmosphere which is foreign to the world with which his daily life has made him familiar, he must find that the Church is a place where his whole life, and that of the world which he has temporarily left behind, are lifted into the presence of God and that he is fitted through worship to make the world to which he will return more Godlike.

Added to the work of education

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must come the work of motivation. This is the most important function of worship. The man who is brought into the presence of the God of moral values must rise with his lips touched by the coals from the altar, crying from the depth of his awakened soul, "Here am I; send me." Instead of making him feel his helplessness in the winning of his salvation, he must be made to feel that he is a crusader, who by the help of the indwelling Deity can yet make a world which will be a more glorious manifestation of the Divine Striver at the heart of the evolving social order.

INSTEAD of erecting miracle, either of nature or grace, as the centre of worship, the Church must place the Christ of moral idealism as the centre of its worship. The Virgin Birth, the Immaculate Conception, the miracle of the Mass and the Resurrection belong to a conception of Deity that once played an important part in the life of nations, but miracle belongs to an age that has passed. Miracle failed to lead the Church to answer its prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, *on earth* as it is in heaven." From the days when the Church became triumphant in Rome, exalting dogma and sacrament to the rank of first importance, the Church lost its moral idealism and left its membership to walk the ways of secularism in the affairs of life. The world has passed beyond the dogmas and sacraments which grew out of Greek metaphysics and the mystery religions and now asks for the very idealism which the Church has so long neglected. The day has come when the Church must again place the ethical Christ at the centre of its worship, that the worshipers may be lifted to a moral level for which the world longs as it confronts war and discord between nations.

The only sure way of leading man to such an end is to inspire him to turn with enthusiasm to a life of positive and constructive moral values. In proportion as a *new mind* possesses him and a new motivation comes to him from the realization of that mind, he will be redeemed from his past and set his face toward a better future.

Such worship will not create in man a feeling of safety but a mood of adventure. This is the point of most radical departure from the past. Worship, to satisfy our day, must create the spirit of courageous adventure.

WEAK-MINDED people may enter the Church to be lulled to sleep, but people who have any strength of character are "willing to take the universe to be really dangerous, without backing out and crying 'no play'." They know they are not alone in the adventure. There are other people to help them. They believe there is also a God to aid in the battle. God is only one force among many, but He is a very real Power Who worketh in men to will and to do for His good pleasure. By all the forces together, if men are faithful, a better world may be won. Men wait for the Church to unite all these agents, to make life one great adventure, that evils may not be treated by imaginary remedies, but that they may be dropped overboard, one by one, and, thus far, that the world may be saved from moral and social tragedy.

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On an Ozark Store-Porch

By Charles Morrow Wilson

There, in a golden haze of do-nothing, you find men who lazily ignore your modern world, who feed and fatten upon an ancient spirit of mirth

The store-porch American is a kindly soul and a neighborly one. He is a keen observer and a good listener, grasping in large, casual measures what life brings him of waiting, of pity and of speculation. He is a sentient philosopher. He is interested in storm and sunshine and growth and earth, the primitive enduring interests of our race.

The breed, I have no doubt, is found everywhere in these United States where a store with a porch is to be found. But the type which I have particularly in mind, which I love to watch and to whose words I will attend while far more important issues go uncared for, lives in the Ozarks. In those pleasant and not too precipitous hills I have come to know the gentleman of the store porch as one who has the spirit of laughter within him. He laughs at ambling drolleries, at stray turns of irony, at verbal horseplay and absurdity. He has a jocundity tethered so securely to his vitals that it endures even as the generations. It suffices grandfather and father as well as son that Uncle Ameriky Hansen got religion at the Schooner Bald revival meeting only to lose it again when his buggy bounced down a couple of ledge boulders and broke a left fore wheel; that Aunt Marthy Pippitt set twenty-six hens and hatched three pullets and three hundred and ninety-six roosters; that Parson Milsap absent-mindedly ate a mink in place of a gray squirrel. Slight enough causes of mirth, and trite perhaps, but satisfying and often as colorful as noonday sun on a whiteoak forest.

"Do I know Bill Stallins? Why, that there creek was named after him. He's been right puny this winter but he's perter now. He'd killed ninety-nine bar in his lifetime and war fixin' fur another hunt when he tok sick with a misery in the stummick. The doctor told him he'd got to die. But he prayed the good Lord to raise him up to kill jest one more bar. And shore enough He done it."

The Ozarks are old hills, forested by old timber, a haven for old, laughing ways of living. They were first peopled by English and Scotch Irish, directly or generally from

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Elizabethan England, and their inhabitants' humor, as one encounters it on the store porches of such drolly named hill villages as Loafer's Glory, Belindy's Aprons, Squabble Creek and Monkey Run, has that leisurely, earthy quality which I like to believe was characteristic of England in the days of Elizabeth. A humor little curbed by sophistries or finesse, washed over with a golden haze of do-nothing.

IN THE Ozark backhills you are in another world. You can tramp for a week along woodland paths or half-forgotten roads without sighting an automobile; you find century-old villages in counties untouched by railroads and but lightly touched by wagon roads; counties without high schools; counties wherein one-room school houses are far scattered and becoming fewer. But there are also sun-flooded hills and swaying acres of tiger lilies and fields of goldenrod and wild daisies. The rivers are youthful and joyous. Ranging cows, dangling their copper bells, munch at road-side pastures and long-snouted razor-backs roam in quest of grass and grubs.

You may be tramping alone unsuspectingly, when all at once the road widens and there you are come to town, in Red Star, or Blue Eye or Loafer's Glory or whatever the name may be. The chances are that you will see a general merchandise store with a high front porch, approachable at either end by a ramshackle flight of steps.

The scene, we shall say, is Kennicott's store at Blue Eye, a situation but slightly commercial, an oasis of abundant time. The ensemble includes Dave Beatty, Forgy Dell, Marcus Feitz, Henstep Creaseley, Tola Summerlin, Homer Bullteeter, Homer's hired boy, Bill Skeats, and the store-keeper. These occupy poultry crates and such. They whittle matches into infinitesimal slivers. They draw strange diagrams on the dusty porch floor and whistle tunes which take after nothing in particular. They indulge in slight sounds, twitterings, slow gyrations, sundry slight parleyings, patterings of feet, uproarious yawnings, and unforetold stretchings in the forms of capital X's and Y's.

THEIR relish for the wise-crack inevitably forthcoming is enhanced a dozen-fold by such an interlude of speculative waiting. For illustration we will say that the first to speak is Bill Skeats — for hired boys are among the most frequent sources of store-porch mirth.

Bill Skeats, then, sitting in sunny oblivion on the lowest estate of the store-porch steps, opens in dialect at his boss:

"Homer, how'd hit do for me to ride your hoss home?"

The employer quivers.

"O, it wouldn't do so good, I've got to ride him myse'f." Then with soft ripple of merriment: "Mought be you would walk alongside me though."

"No, I reckon I'd better jest be pattin' on down the road now. If I was to walk aside you I'd have to open and shet ever' gate and fence gap between here and thar."

There is hearty and freely given laughter. The afternoon's jocund flow has begun. Homer faces unsteadily towards his lolling hired help.

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"By the way, how come it you ain't workin' today?"

The youth readjusts his battered felt hat and takes his revenge.

"W'y, I was workin', bit I got hurt. You see I was plowin' corn in that fur squirrel patch and drexly I come to the end of the field . . . I fell off . . . and wranched my knee."

STORE-PORCH humor of the Ozarks hangs upon pegs that are unashamedly obvious: the old gentleman who can't get any satisfaction out of reading the dictionary because it changes the subject too often; the itinerant parson who agrees that a spring wagon and a span of mules are fool-proof but not necessarily damn-fool-proof; the upbrush politician who craves a postmastership within easy walking distance of a distillery; the clodhopper who overwhelms the school teacher's suggestion that the burning of Mart Miller's barn must have been the work of an incendiary with "Incendiary, hell! Somebody sot it." Store-porch humor carries an amiable plentitude, too, of anecdotes of stupidity and quaint unknowingness.

The sheriff of a brush county in Southwestern Missouri was forming a posse to recapture a depraved culprit who had broken jail while the defender of justice was investigating the merits of a finding of moonshine. A store-porch commentator reported that the fugitive had spent half the afternoon strolling about the village; that he had last been seen taking out westward down the old wire road. Then the observing countryman added that he had personally seen the sheriff pass by the escaped prisoner not an hour before. The upholder of sovereign justice admitted it.

"O, yes, yes! I seed him all right — passed him on the town branch bridge a while after dinner-time — passed him and spoke howdy to him. But I didn't know the low hound reprobate was out of jail!"

The store-porcher relishes so simple an episode as that of the rural lad and his first banana. The youth from Hog Eye was taking his first train ride and when the newsman came through acclaiming "chawklets — bernanners!" the mountain lad invested readily in the latter. On a subsequent round the seller stopped to inquire after the qualities of his wares.

"Well, mister, I can't say so bodaciously much fer it. In the first place it was mainly all cob and when I'd throwed that away what little they was left was bitter and sort of 'onery to eat."

THEN there is the humor of verbal helplessness, of drifting thought and inept and laborious correction.

"As a songer I ain't so good." A depressed and self-corrective silence. "As a singster I'm a failure. I always feel wuss when I commence to sang, and so do them about me."

And sometimes the gentleman of the store-porch is tickled almost beyond endurance by no more than a ludicrous jumbling of words, a particularly complete *non sequitur*.

"I seen a barber in Missouri who hadn't any teeth — not a tooth in his head. But that feller could play a bass drum better than anybody I ever see."

He is, too, enormously amused by ignorance of rural ways, by unfamil-

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iarity with the dictates of soil and season which he himself knows so well. The outlander who figures to get rich off a few slanting acres of stump ground; the new-comer who would bear down on his plow shares, tie up fodder with string, buckle the throat-latch of a bridle before he set the bit, undertake to keep the birds from his cherries or the squirrel from his corn — such a yahoo provides material for slow perceptive smiles based upon first-hand understanding of the ways and wiles of wooded hill and brushy dale.

THE conversation on the store-porch had drifted around to the chinch bugs, which had descended upon the tasseling corn in leeching multitudes. The drummer from Saint Looie wanted to know what a chinch bug looked like.

"You say it's no bigger than a seed tick?"

Nods and salivary assent.

"Why I wouldn't have my crops wiped out by a little thing like that."

The sitters nudged one another and one soberly asked what the commercial ambassador might figure to do about it.

"Do about it? Why, I'd get me a good two-handed brush and frail 'em off my place."

The store-porch humorist is not, of course, above a pun, and more than occasionally he achieves one of which a wit could be proud. An old codger from about Red Star was telling of his family:

"Yes suh, they come three boys, then a girl, then another boy. An' what you reckon I called 'em? Well suh, I named 'em Matthew, Mark, Luke, Ann, John."

And he knows the value of hyperbole. One time I asked an old countryman why he preferred cushaws (large, crooked squashes) to pumpkins. He spat.

"Well suh, if I was to grow punkins on them slopin' fields they'd likely break loose from the vines and roll down and kill somebody. But cushaws — they can hook theirselves to corn stalks and ketch on."

THE store-porch humorist is in no wise immune to the potency of slap-stick. There is no good reason why he should be. Mimicry can also put him into high rhapsodies of mirth. And the countryside idiot is another recurring source of laughter. The backwoods have many, many half-wits and imbeciles, far more than their proportionate share, for there are few asylums and intermarriage of blood kin is frequent. There is never a backwoods countryside without its own particular idiot, or to make matters the merrier, half-a-dozen idiots. These proverbial disseminators of truth go about giving birth to sayings which range from the most ludicrous blabberings to the most pertinent veracities. They discern and they speak. They opine on the sagacity of the schoolmaster, on the relative virtues of the rural belles, on where the Gulick boys trek after nightfall. They put questions and in turn are put upon with questions, and a good time is had by all.

Half-wit Tom, hot in search of a supply of victuals, sets forth the argument that one must eat to live. Thereupon the storekeeper proposes:

"Now Tom, if you'll jest answer this one I'll give you a cut of cheese and a bellyful of sody crackers.

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Supposin' now they is two black-snakes, each eighteen inches long. Now them two snakes gets into a fight and each one starts swallerin' the other at the rate of a inch a minute. What would be left at the end of eighteen minutes."

Tom ogles, hems and speculates.

"Uhm, a gark, uhm! I don't reckon they'd be nothin' left."

The laughter is general and the store-keeper doles out the crackers and cheese, a benevolence which he would likely have tendered in any case.

THE run of store-porch humor is withal a gentle humor, a garnishment for extensive leisure, corn meal mush, sun and rain, dew and moonlight and backwoods stillness. It rarely carries bitterness. It may be brusque but it is seldom vengeful. It is sometimes naïvely risqué but seldom ribald. It is rarely ulterior. The backwoodsman does not use witticisms to sell his hen's eggs or acquire a soft job or swarm with the village social bees. He laughs because he sees no reason why he should not.

An example of the kindliness of store-porch humor is the anecdote of the lad from Gulch Hollow who, on first coming to Springdale, was lured by the tempting yellowness and likely strangeness of the store-window lemons. He had never seen the fruit before and he figured to sample it, so he bought a dime's worth and proceeded to try out his purchase. A first attempt to bite through the tough rind revealed an appalling mistake, but before half-a-score of onlookers the lad from Gulch Hollow did not once hesitate. He ate the first lemon whole; not only the first but the second, and — after a careless pause — the third. Nobody laughed. There was not even the suggestion of a smile. The youth addressed a sober audience.

"Yes sir, fer a considerable spell I've been honin' to get my fill of these here tropical fruits because I shorely do pleasure in the flavor of 'em and bein' here in Springdale I aim to revel in it."

Casually, he took his puckering lips off towards the village pump, his departure unmarred by laughter, his sensitive spirit unchafed by derision.

Another time the folks were having a moonlight supper up at the Brush Ford schoolhouse. Uncle Zeb Hatfield, who hadn't been about any fun-makings for a month of lean moons, was a bit unsteady and in consequence poured buttermilk instead of cream into his coffee. An observing farm wife moved to fetch him another mug. Uncle Zeb would be the subject of no such bother. He blew at the murky fluid with composure and assured the assembled celebrants that he invariably took buttermilk in his coffee. Steady faces accepted this declaration. There was not even an adolescent snigger.

STORE-PORCH humor has a subtle side, too. The commoner from Low Gap Ford is capable of a genuine cerebral chuckle now and then; more capable, perhaps, than his town brother. Not because he has a heaven-given superiority of intelligence, but because his life is more generous in its servings of leisure and occasions for cogitation. But in general the store-porch humorist most enjoys simple drolleries.

He enjoys Aunt Lulu Pettigrew's

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complaint of a pain in her abominable muscles or her contention that most of her kinfolks have died of nobility — (debility). He relishes such picturesque generalities as those of Judge Patton of East Kentucky who offered these instructions to his jury:

"Gentlemen, whenever you see a big over-grown buck settin' at the mouth of some holler or at the fork of some road, with a big slouch hat on, a blue collar, a celluloid rose in his coat lapel and a banjo strung acrost his chest, fine that man, gentlemen! Fine 'im! Because if he ain't already done somethin' he blame soon will."

He enjoys hearing that the Tannehill child assured his younger brother that if he'd only behave and stop hollerin' he could watch the old gent fall off the hay wagon or the saying of Mose Thorpe who hadn't done a lick of work in half a century, "You know I'm mighty thankful I ain't one of them city perlicemen. It must be awful tejus to be hangin' aroun' all the time, jest loiterin';" or even that of the benign old parson, on being directed by a Turtle Grove roughneck to innumerable perditions answered, "Gentle stranger, your slightest wish expressed in such courteous language is to me a command"; or instances such as that of the thrifty old lady of didactic leanings who remonstrated with the little boys for snitching a pocketful of pears and by way of benevolent emphasis assured them that if they would only be forward and honest about it and bring along something to take the fruit home in, she would be glad to give them the pears, and who was faced within five minutes by youngsters bearing an old-style clothes basket capable of holding at least two bushels.

There is an ephemeral freshness to backwoods humor due in part to its nearness to the vital earth; in part to the ways of its perpetrators — their slowness of speech and droll manœuvring of expression; their postures and inflections and sundry sorts of quaintness which cannot be expressed even in the most obliging of type. The majority of store-porch jests are neither scrupulously original nor sparklingly clever. They are mere earthy cracks which, once sprung continue springing. Often enough as I have said a store-porch gem will shine for generations. And this is the easier to understand when you understand that in the Ozarks, one generation is very much like another. There, during the past three decades, the population has hardly increased at all, and its individuals have changed to no greater extent. They continue the same languid, leisurely way of living. Their social life is made up of the same old bazaars, pie-suppers, hay-rides, barn warmin's. Why should not the humor of such people as these be made up of the same old jests?

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My Pickpocket's Day In Court

By Frank D. Loomis

A Chicago banker's little adventure with an habitual offender sets him to comparing our antiquated jury system with modern progress in other fields

I have just completed a course of experience in criminal procedure, the incidents of which are freshly and vividly in mind. These incidents were not unusual, but are, I am assured, normal and fair illustrations of what is happening every day. Their course ran true to average form and was completed in good time. Their result was not extreme nor unexpected. As a social study the experience was illuminating.

Six months ago I had my pocket picked. I was riding on a crowded street car, hanging to a strap in front of a seat which ran lengthwise of the car. Suddenly I was disturbed by the unusual behavior of a man standing slightly to my left and rear who brushed past me at my left side, motioned to a woman on the seat to crowd over and sat down in front of me. His rudeness to the woman attracted my attention no less than hers. I looked at him closely. The sallowness of his complexion, his puffed lips and peculiar, large eyes impressed me. He was lame in one leg. There was an unwrapped electric bulb protruding from one of his overcoat pockets and he had a soiled paper bundle in his hands, as if he might be carrying home a loaf of stale bread.

An hour later I discovered that a small roll of bills — six one-dollar bills — was missing from my left trousers pocket. Instantly my mind flashed back to the incident on the street car — that was the time, I felt certain, when the money had been taken.

Exasperating as such an experience is, my first inclination was to ignore it; the amount of money taken was too small to worry over. But as a measure of protection to others, I decided to report the incident to the street car company. This I did by letter the following morning. I was surprised to receive a reply stating that my description fitted exactly a notorious pickpocket — name, aliases, police record number included — that the company would put inspectors on the line to watch for this man, and that the case was being reported to the city detective bureau.

A month later I received a telephone call from the detective bureau

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asking me to come to the police station and look over some men who had been picked up. I went and a group of about a dozen prisoners was marched before me. Near the head of the line was the man I had seen on the street car.

NEXT morning at ten I was in the police court for the hearing. While waiting for the case to be called I talked with one of the detectives who had arrested the man. He showed me the police record. The prisoner had been a professional pickpocket for many years, had served time in various city workhouses and reformatories and in two different State prisons. The detectives had found him and another well-known pickpocket "working" in the crowds at a busy transfer corner at the evening rush hour. He said that several of the men I had seen in the lock-up were pickpockets. They had been found working; they would be held for a few days, then, if no one came to identify them, they would have to be released. After a month or so they would probably be picked up again and thus the arrest-release process would be repeated indefinitely until evidence of some particular theft could be found and proved.

The detective complained of the difficulty of securing convictions, even when good evidence was available and there seemed every certainty of guilt. He said most professional thieves belong to some kind of a ring and have ample funds for defense. I would probably be approached, as many witnesses are, and urged for reasons of sympathy or by other methods to drop the case. He said it would doubtless be very annoying to go through with it, because of the many hearings, continuances, delays, but he urged the importance of the public service — that it was more necessary to give testimony in such a case than to serve on any jury.

When the man was brought in before the police magistrate his lawyer appeared also. The detective presented his evidence, I presented mine, and the lawyer began to argue that the case should be postponed, as he had had only a short time in which to talk to his client. The magistrate weighed the evidence, ignored the argument and promptly ordered the man bound over to the Grand Jury under $5,000 bond.

FIVE weeks later, I appeared before the Grand Jury. This was in answer to a summons, one copy of which had been sent by messenger to my house twenty miles from the centre of the city and another copy delivered to my down-town office. The detective called me by telephone also. The summons said that I should be at the office of the Grand Jury at 9.00 A.M.; the detective said it would not be necessary to come until ten, as that is the hour when all the courts and the Grand Jury begin business. I was there at ten. The outer offices were crowded with people who were waiting to be called as witnesses. The detective spoke to one of the clerks with the result that after a wait of only about thirty minutes I was called before the Grand Jury and told my short story. The man was indicted.

Seven weeks elapsed before the next hearing of the case, which was before a judge of the County Crimi-

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nal Court. For this hearing also I received two copies of the summons — one at my house, one at my office. I happened to be at home on the Saturday afternoon when the summons was brought to my house. It was a bitter cold day, the temperature below zero, and the streets were covered with a glare of ice so slippery that very few automobiles were venturing out. The messenger had driven out from the sheriff's office. The sheriff is a friend of mine. A few days later, in his office, not knowing that I was concerned in any criminal case, he was telling me how heavily his staff was over-worked. He complained particularly about the serving of summonses. The courts had been working vigorously to clear up the criminal docket which was far behind and the jail was over-crowded. In order to get the summonses out on time, the sheriff said his men had had to work nights and all day Saturdays and Sundays until they were worn out. He had petitioned for additional men and was urging all his friends to use their influence with the County Board to get an appropriation. The County Board complained that it had no more money. It had used its power of taxation to the legal limit, and tax-payers were complaining bitterly.

IN THIS first trial before the Criminal Court, the accused came in from jail without a lawyer. He told the judge that he had written to the man whom he wanted to engage (a well-known criminal lawyer) but had received a reply stating that the lawyer was ill, out of the city. The man said he thought this lawyer would be back in two or three weeks. The judge asked to see the letter which explained that the lawyer might be absent for months and might not resume practice at all and advised the accused to get another lawyer. The judge then said he would appoint a lawyer to represent the defendant and the case was postponed for two weeks.

Another double summons — one to the house, one to the office. All summonses read that I was to appear in court at 9.00. I went, of course, at ten. This second trial morning found this particular branch of the Criminal Court engaged in an important case. This would probably continue for some days — the court could not take up anything else. So a number of minor cases, including mine, were quickly disposed of by sending them back to the Chief Justice "for reassignment." Another delay.

THREE weeks later, in answer to two more summonses, I was in the court room of the Chief Justice. The defendant was there, brought in from jail, also the lawyer appointed by the court to defend him. But now the man complained that he did not want this lawyer — he had another lawyer in mind whom he wished to retain, but, as it appeared, he had not yet made any effort to get in touch with him. He said he had not known his case was to be called so soon. The judge said he would not give the defendant much more time. He set the case for trial ten days later.

On the morning appointed, at ten o'clock, we were again all in court — the defendant, the lawyer appointed by the court (the man had been un-

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able to get his own lawyer), detectives and myself. There were many cases "on the call" that morning. The court room was full of lawyers and witnesses, the bailiff's room was full of jail inmates. It is the first duty of the Chief Justice to assign cases to the thirteen (or more) branches of the Criminal Court, effort being made to assign them as conveniently as possible, and the Chief Justice himself keeping some. A number of cases were so assigned, the entire party of lawyers, witnesses and defendants (the latter in charge of sheriff's deputies) going thereupon to the other court rooms. Finally the Chief Justice had a few cases to be tried in his own court and as a case ahead of ours was ready for trial we were told to come back at two in the afternoon.

At two, we found that the case ahead of us was not yet finished — it promised to drag out for some time — so our case was then assigned to one of the other courts — to the very judge who had first had it. In that court we found a trial in progress, but at half-past three it was finished and we were called.

At this interesting juncture the defendant's attorney came to the Assistant State's Attorney and offered to advise the defendant to plead guilty to petty larceny — a lesser crime than charged in the indictment since picking a pocket is in its nature, regardless of the amount taken, a grand larceny. The petty larceny would carry a sentence of not more than one year in the city workhouse — the penalty in our State for grand larceny is one to ten years in State prison. The detectives and I were quickly called into conference. They and the Assistant State's Attorney advised that the lesser plea be accepted. They thought it exceedingly doubtful if we would secure a conviction before a jury. The recommendation was presented to the judge. He hesitated. He said he was aware of the difficulty of convicting a pickpocket, but in view of this man's record and of his menace to the public peace and safety, he thought he ought to be put to trial for the longer sentence. The case went to trial.

But the case presented to the jury was a much different case from that considered by the judge. The defendant himself was not put on the witness stand, so, under the laws of our State, no reference could be made in any way to his record or to the fact that he was a known pickpocket. I was not allowed to refer to the contents of the letter I had written to the street car company or to the letter I had received from them. Stripped of these important considerations, my evidence on the witness stand amounted simply to this: that on a crowded steet car on an afternoon nearly six months before this defendant had brushed past me and had sat down in front of me; that an hour later I discovered the loss of six dollars and suspected this defendant. The detective could testify only that late one afternoon on a crowded street corner he had arrested this man and another man because he suspected that they might be pickpockets.

Now the defendant's lawyer, after the trial was over, frankly told me he had no doubt that this defendant,

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probably with the aid of an accomplice, had actually picked my pocket. But he did not talk that way before the jury. To them he derided the Assistant State's Attorney for his amazing ignorance of law and his disregard of human rights in asking for a conviction on such trivial and inconsequential evidence. How would they, the members of the jury, feel, he asked, if after riding on a crowded street car they should be accused of picking some one's pocket because some hours later that one discovered he had lost some money? He called attention to the law and its tradition, developed over hundreds of years, as a safeguard against injustice and persecution and emphasized that any man accused of crime must be presumed innocent until proved guilty beyond all possibility of doubt. He argued that the proof submitted was absurd.

SINCE the lawyer himself knew facts about this case which the jury did not know — which he, taking advantage of the technical rules of procedure, would not permit them to know — since he himself had recommended and his client had consented to plead guilty to the charge upon conditions involving a light sentence; since he himself later acknowledged to me that he had no doubt the defendant was guilty, it is apparent that this lawyer regarded the trial by jury as a farce. In keeping with this farce, the jury promptly brought in a verdict of not guilty and the defendant with the rest of us walked out.

As I review the incidents of this case, the various appearances, hearings, transfers, and continuances, the futile expenditures of a great deal of public and private time and money, I do not find any direct fault in any of the officers or courts concerned with it. The detective bureau, so often blamed for failure to find criminals, showed intelligence and commendable fidelity in following the case through to its unsuccessful conclusion. The prosecuting attorneys were earnest, honest and industrious. The courts showed fairness, courtesy, desire to avoid unnecessary delays, sincerity in protecting the rights both of society and of the accused individual. And yet, reviewing the matter as a whole from a practical standpoint, the system seems hopelessly archaic, ineffective, wasteful and stupid.

WOULD any business man or any corporation called upon to deal with some infraction of discipline in its own organization have gone about the matter in such a cumbersome way? Would any modern Bureau of Charities, assigned such a case, have been so hopelessly inept? I cannot say that justice and mercy are always nicely weighed either in business or in charity; but, laying aside for the moment the antiquated rules and false assumptions which govern our legal criminal processes in favor of the simpler and more direct methods of business or of charity, what might have been an intelligent and reasonable procedure in this case?

First, I imagine, the man's past record would have been sent for. Such a case, or any case of misbehavior or irregularity cannot be properly understood without some knowledge of the individual himself, which his record reveals. Then there

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would have been an assignment to a trained case-worker who would have proceeded immediately to bring the record up to date. It would have been considered important to know what the man had been doing since his last discharge from the State penitentiary. In the year or more that had elapsed had the man had any job at any time, or any regular means of making a living? Some mercy might be due in this connection, for new jobs for unskilled men had not been plentiful in the past year; moreover this man was a cripple, of slight physique, and he had for reference only a long prison record. Where had he been living and with whom had he been associating? Had he any close relatives or friends of his early youth in this vicinity, or elsewhere, who might befriend him now? Had he shown any disposition to follow a regular and industrious life if opportunity were given him?

THEN there is another kind of examination which ought to be made of any individual who shows signs of serious social misbehavior, an examination by psychiatrists, experts in mental hygiene, to determine the state of his health and the state of his mind, his conscious or sub-conscious attitude toward life and society. Some course of treatment may be needed.

There is, indeed, machinery provided for the collection of just such information through the social service bureaus connected with many of our criminal courts. They are called upon more or less intermittently by the courts in relation to the sentencing of first offenders and in cases of probation. But they are manned largely by political appointees, largely unfamiliar with the technique of case-work, unqualified by education or character for any constructive social service. And whether good or bad, they are often utterly ignored by the courts. What good are they, anyhow, when the entire decision regarding any case, on a plea of not guilty, rests wholly and exclusively with the jury to whom any facts concerning the record or life of the accused may not be presented unless the attorney for the accused, for purposes of securing the freedom of his client, chooses to admit them?

THE procedure indicated is not wholly strange nor unknown in some of our modern courts. The Juvenile Court is a Criminal Court, but if you are admitted to the room in which some case of delinquency is being heard you will behold something very different from the ordinary criminal contest. All the pomp and nonsense of a rigid court trial, the summoning of witnesses, the testing and swearing in of the jury, the tricks and arguments of opposing counsel, the trials, errors and retrials, are abandoned. In a small room at an office desk the judge examines the record which trained investigators have brought in, he confers with the parents and friends of the accused boy, with the doctor, the psychiatrist or the social worker, he talks informally with the boy and then decides, often with the concurrence of all concerned, on the treatment to be ordered, both for the good of the boy and for the adequate protection of society.

The idea is spreading. Similar procedure is now followed in some Boys'

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Courts, which deal with boys just above the Juvenile Court age, boys eighteen to twenty-one. It is being used also to some extent in Morals Courts, where the cases of delinquent women and girls are handled.

But why not apply it in all cases of confirmed social delinquency? Given such facts the judge should be able without much further ado to determine what should be done with the man now in court. And it is vital that he should have such latitude for the complexities of modern civilization require him to solve a far different question from the traditional question which, standing alone, and without reference or relation to all other questions, has for centuries been presented to juries. The question nowadays is not: Did this man at a specific time and place then and there commit a specific crime, punishable under our law by a specific sentence? The question now is: Is this man, in his present condition and his present state of mind, a safe man to be allowed his liberty in society?

IN THE tradition of the Common Law great emphasis is put upon the individual's right to "liberty of the person." The emphasis in cases of chronic crime is somewhat overdone. There are many other types of cases in which the safety and liberty of society at large weigh more heavily. If a man is found insane he is deprived of his liberty. That is done by order of a court, also, and without the formality or sanction of a jury trial.

If an individual has the smallpox, or scarlet-fever, or diphtheria, he is very promptly deprived of his liberty and without the formality of any court order at all. There would be a very drastic court order, issued *instanter*, if the order of the health department in such a case were ignored. Chronic criminality is a form of social disease, to be diagnosed and treated by specialists; and until a cure is effected the diseased individual's rights to liberty of the person are subordinate to the rights and liberties of other individuals, just as are the rights of the insane man or the smallpox patient.

MOREOVER it is a weak and futile assumption of the Common Law, out of harmony with present-day knowledge of psychology and behavior to suppose that an individual may justly be judged upon the basis of one act alone. An act is but an incident in a man's life; in a trial for crime the whole man is on trial; if found guilty the whole man will be dealt with; the incident is not justly separable from his record. Crimes do not come out of the clear sky of a man's life; a crime comes at the end of or in connection with a course of action which, if properly understood, must throw great light upon the nature and fact of the occurrence itself — whether it was a crime or only an accident. Hence the Common Law's assumption also that a man is innocent until proved guilty is weak and false. A man may fairly be presumed to continue to do what he has been in the habit of doing.

Trial by jury is a device of the Common Law based upon all the above assumptions and upon the further assumption that a man when accused is, through the jury, to be tried by his "peers." When the jury

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system was first established in England, the travelling court and the prosecuting attorneys were representatives of the Crown. The jury, as a measure of protection, was made up of neighbors and peers of the accused, men who could understand him and his way of living. If accused of stealing a pig from the Baron, these peers could judge fairly whether the man had really stolen the pig, whether it had merely strayed into his herd, or whether perhaps it were justly his pig. If the Crown or the Barons sought to encroach upon the man's rights, or, under pretext of crime, to drive him from his land, the jury of his peers could detect and resist the attempt.

CONDITIONS are very different today. Our judges and our prosecuting attorneys are elected by the people from among the people — they are no more than peers of the people. They are elected because they are supposed to be and usually are honest, competent, and earnestly desirous of defending the rights of all the people. They are qualified, as peers, to uphold and maintain the rights of all the people.

Over and against these judges and public officers, chosen deliberately by the people, competent and experienced in the important business of dealing with professional and habitual criminals, we have the jury, selected by chance, composed usually, in the great cities, of small-salaried people or owners of small businesses, honest and good men to be sure; but, confronted with the craftiness of professional criminals and the skill of their hired criminal lawyers, they are like babes in the wood, like Alice in Wonderland. They are in no sense the peers of these criminal elements. They know nothing about their modes of life, nor the nature and extent of their criminal business. They know nothing about the tricks or the methods that will be used to fool them as they sit high and mighty in their jury box, exalted for the time being in power and authority above the judge and all officers of the Court and qualified experts, flattered and cajoled by the crafty attorneys for the defense.

ADD to the gullibility and the colossal ignorance of the average jury the fact that they may hear only the evidence pertaining to a single incident, and that very much circumscribed; that some of the most essential evidence is not presented at all, and you have a situation rendering the proper analysis and treatment of modern crime exceedingly difficult. The machinery of justice breaks down; the police, the State Attorney's office, the courts, all maintained at enormous public expense, fail to function.

At the time "my" pickpocket was in the County Jail, the jail population rose to the unprecedented height of 1,396 inmates. More than 900 of these were awaiting trial in the County Criminal Court. And there were about an equal number out of jail on bond. This was at least 50 per cent above what has come to be regarded as normal in our county — a normal which is itself abnormal. Additional judges from our Circuit and Superior Courts, dealing regularly with civil cases, were assigned to the Criminal Branch and a proposal was made that all judges of

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these courts should be assigned for a time to clear up the criminal docket. The proposal was abandoned. It was estimated that it would take six months to accomplish the result — meantime the business of the civil courts would be in chaos.

How do the Criminal Courts catch up? They never do catch up. They function in some of the criminal cases and the rest go by default. Witnesses disappear, evidence is lost, cases are *nolle prossed*, dismissed for want of evidence or prosecution, cases are finally adjusted or "fixed" without trial, the accused plead guilty to lesser offenses and accept light sentences or fines, many skip bail and are not heard of again until arrested for some other crime. In what proportion of cases justice thus miscarries it is not known, but a very authentic survey in 1922, directed by Dr. George W. Kirchwey of New York, showed that the percentage of convictions to jail population in 1914, 1916, 1919, and 1922 ran respectively 17.4, 16.1, 18.4, 17.1. Granting that politics has its hand in some of this failure, it is still apparent that the system at best is very inefficient.

Our Criminal Court system belongs to an ancient world. Civilization has moved on; the country has become the city; the railroad, the postal service, the telegraph, the telephone, the automobile, the aeroplane have taken the place of the covered wagon and the horseback messenger; but we still haul justice with cart ropes and issue summonses by person.

The jury system itself is on trial. In a survey of the Administration of Criminal Justice in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1921, made under direction of Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard Law School, it was recommended that Grand Jury hearings be abolished, except that "at times it is needed to institute inquiry into the acts of public officials themselves." A number of States have substituted the simple "Prosecutors' Information," for the weighty "Grand Jury Indictment." The Petty Jury seems destined to go the same road. Especially as an instrument of conviction in cases involving habitual criminals it is unable to cope with present-day conditions.

One other weakness of the trial jury system must be mentioned in closing. The Common Law requires a unanimous verdict. A majority of the judges of the Supreme Court, over the opposition of a minority, may fix judgment in a matter involving the lives, property, and happiness of thousands of reputable fellow citizens. A majority of Congress may declare war. But in the conviction of a notorious, dangerous and habitual criminal, probably abnormal in spirit, in mind and in body, a jury of naïve laymen, selected by chance, must pass, on partial evidence, a unanimous vote.

The trial jury system is cumbersome, expensive, ineffective, wasteful of human life and human rights. What will take its place? Is it not reasonable that one judge or two or three judges sitting in a case, could hear and pass judgment with much greater justice?

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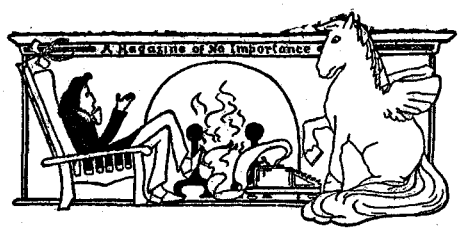

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

OCTOBER, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 10

CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTRY SALE ADDICT

Aside from numerous and attractive weaknesses that I try to keep to myself, I confess a passion for the country sale. It is a periodic and perhaps climacteric disturbance, recurring regularly as the spring and fall fulfil their appointed rounds. I break out with it at the breath of the first balmy breeze or at the first flush of autumn's flamboyance. It is my own personal equinoctial upheaval.

My wife does not share my enthusiasm. She views it askance. I find that at a country sale I can spend an afternoon and three dollars very happily, and return with a wagon-load of plunder. My wife sits sobbing at home and wonders what next. She knows that when the shadows fall I shall come and after me the deluge, a flood of inconceivable débris to be absorbed and assimilated by our long-suffering household. At intervals of unproductive peace she argues with me that since I must periodically enlarge the house to take care of my bargains, I have failed to save any money. This is obviously specious reasoning. If one has no money one cannot save it.

As a consequence of the country sale habit my house is strewn with trophies of profound historical interest. The most comfortable chairs I own once graced a nearby barroom and every man of importance in our town has sat in them, including three pedagogues, a janitor, two politicians, a colored gentleman named Jim Morgan and a bishop. They have a sphere, a history and a wealth of associations and they are an unsteady green in complexion, but they fit the small of the back with the secret wisdom of antiquity. The most comfortable and impressive bed in the house cost thirty cents and has four posts. If it had three it might be more unusual but it would not be a genuine four-poster. There are antique andirons on my hearth, and a gypsy pot big enough for a fair-sized gypsy to take a bath in. It is all very interesting.

Periodically I swear off the vendue habit. I am suddenly appalled by the scrambled centuries scattered around my house and overflowing into the cellar, and I resolve that I will have no more of it. I will myself have a country sale and shift my burdens to other backs. I will realize the uncertain values of these doubtful treasures, and with the proceeds woo the harmonious mediocrity of Grand Rapids. I will come under the universal umbrella and abjure forever the fantastic flavors of individuality and idiosyncrasy. So my wife kisses me forgivingly on the brow and cancels our subscription to the county newspaper, and I walk briefly in the consciousness of virtue and steadfast repentance. But the day comes when word is passed along that at Hartsville or Piperstown or Five Points there will be a sale. I slip away, as though for golf or silent and solitary

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meditation. I scurry up country, torn with fear lest I be late for the first fruitful moments. I edge into the crowd and fall again under the spell. And I find that the auctioneer is confidently expecting me and greets me with a satisfied smile.

Old-fashioned things grow daily rarer. They are vestigial remnants of other times, other manners, significant of lost links in our national evolution. They persist precariously for a while in the neighborhood of modern competition and then are suddenly gone forever. Among such vanishing Americanisms is the country sale. The real rural sale was an inevitable by-product of the last century; it is dying in the odor of gasoline. Some day it will reappear in history books as a tale and tradition, and old folks like you and me will shake gray hairs and grieve.

Already you must go far afield to find it. It has retreated into the hill country or hides away from the concrete highways which radiate spoke-wise from the sprawling cities. Elsewhere it is blighted by the business habit which is too sharp for sentiment. It becomes first cousin to the manipulated auctions of the city, which are as unlike their country ancestors as the Charleston is unlike the old-time barn dance. For where land is costly, small possessions are bartered cheaply and changed casually, and it is only where men measure their holdings in acres that household effects and farm tools are the signs of solidity and worth.

There is usually a dim background of tragedy to the comedy of the country sale. Someone has died and the grip of old hands on family treasures is loosed, the integrity of long custom broken. Or else a farm has failed and the family must follow its younger members away to the city. Or perhaps the local sheriff must lay unwilling hands on a neighbor's property to satisfy a careless debt. Something is dead and gone and these are the obsequies, the last rites.

So they pull up ancient roots with the carpets, and the ugly furniture on the porch is woefully embarrassed to be moved. The house itself is naked and ashamed and the garden is returning to primeval chaos under careless feet. Neighbors are there, solicitous but avidly curious as at an interesting funeral, and there are strangers with an appraising eye for spoil and junk dealers like birds of prey around a likely carcass.

The auctioneer is a commanding personality, with a miraculous capacity for continued oration and an instantaneous eye for the half-formed bid. He weaves a spell, fashioned equally of bullying and blandishment. Mounted on a kitchen chair or inverted pickle tub, he discourses of this and that and sells it for what he can get. He intones a hypnotic incantation, by which useless articles are made desirable and careless enthusiasts are entrapped. Anxious bidders forget values and remember only the competition of their fellows. There is infectious excitement against which none are proof save the cynical junk dealers. Let the amateur beware!

He begins with small tools, apparently as a matter of principle and tradition. He drops cunning bait by knocking down a good spade for fifteen cents and a hammer for five, and then sells three barn forks at a premium. He sells boxes of nails, screws and carriage bolts. When all else fails the scraps swell a heap in front of the dealers in old iron, who will here invest all of two dollars and carry away a wagonload of junk. These dealers are a savory crew, dirty of skin and flavored with gin. They buy anything and sell everything and have more money in the bank than you have.

Spread forth behind the house is the farm machinery, and odds and ends of Americana from dairy and slaughter house. You can buy a harrow or plough of obsolete vintage for twenty-five cents, a stone roller for a dollar, a grindstone for a nickel. You get a lot for your money but you don't have much. There are wagons and buggies and whips and harness and other equine accessories, and if a man has a horse for which he holds no particular regard he might here equip it adequately if not sumptuously. Likely there will also be a home-made sleigh and strings of sleigh bells, and no hint as to what in the world a purchaser might do with them.

Next come the cattle and horses, the pigs and scared sheep. These are at the peak of the picture, the most picturesque moment of the afternoon. It is pleasant to sit on a barn wall in October sunshine with the unmistakable smells of a farmyard drifting affectionately around, and watch the colored scene. Here is old-fashioned democracy in practice. The gentleman farmers, round and well-fed and attired with a nice sense for effect; the true

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dirt farmers, lean and laconic, their jaws rhythmic over their chaw; the farm hands and laborers who are thinking of a first horse or cow; the veterinary doctor, known by sight and name to all and sundry; the squire, the sheriff and the horse-trader — all are here to rub shoulders and swap opinions. City folk like you and me walk around in the muck and look wisely as we can, and thrill a little at the spicy talk of stallion and gelding, of heifer and milch-cow, of shote and sow and sheep. A colored gentleman wanders through the crowd with bags of peanuts, urging that "the congregation be liberal." Small boys get in the way and run wild through the barn buildings. The auctioneer mounts a feed-trough and starts the parade.

A patient cow is prodded forth from the barn and listens without protest to an eloquent glorification of her past and future. She looks to me like any other cow, a little lean and notably angular and somewhat jaded by her long journey along the milky way, but the auctioneer considers her the one original cow. However, he gets only twenty dollars for her, which does not surprise him. Horses are galloped up and down by energetic assistants who try to inspire their steeds with some of their own enthusiasm. But when they come to rest again under the auctioneer's hammer they fall easily asleep and are sold for small money. A magnificent pair of black work horses, harnessed to a wagon gay with fresh paint and with harness bright with brass, stirs the crowd to professional and expert enthusiasm. Here is money on the hoof, a team built for profit and proud possession. They sell at a price impressive even in these days of the gilt-edged automobile.

Pigs are not particularly popular, and an innocent bystander who bids fifty cents apiece for some squealing youngsters, just to keep in the picture, is almost obliged to take them — greatly to his confusion. He is rescued by a farmer with an eye for the points of pigs, and the pork is picked up by its heels and loaded noisily into a wagon, disappearing odoriferously.

Back at the house the farmers' wives are rocking sociably in a variety of chairs, waiting their own opportunity. The auctioneer approaches the household furniture with a new audience and a new zest. He displays sleight of hand; a broken chair becomes miraculously whole as he displays its charms. By further magic ten-cent store stuff becomes cut glass and stained spoons and forks are transmuted to solid silver. Now, moreover, the auctioneer remembers his reputation for grosgrained wit. He becomes Rabelaisian over bedroom furnishings and appointments, and offers free advice with rolling pins. He affects ignorance of the purpose of kitchen utensils and sells a coffee-grinder for a phonograph. He peeps into canisters and smells at bottles and sells them with a wink.

There is brisk bidding for washtubs, churns, carpet sweepers and china; for monstrous vases and parlor lamps; for plush furniture stuffed within an inch of its life. But old-fashioned beds with a rope lattice in lieu of spring are hard to move. The gridiron design is no longer fashionable for evening wear, and even farmers now prefer a spring bed from the mail-order house to a rope bed from their ancestors. Concerning mattresses and pillows there is some evasion of the law. These cannot rightly be sold, but they are thrown in with a ponderous bed of pine or cherry and thereby get their price. Goose feather mattresses are still popular and sell by the pound at fabulous rates. For this there is a reason. In a cold farmhouse one is probably willing to be smothered to keep warm.

Visiting ladies who have come in big cars on a still hunt for antiques have their turn when an old hooded cradle is held up for bids. These cradles have practical advantages in addition to æsthetic values; if the baby falls out of them he has not far to fall. The natives eye the high-priced contention suspiciously and curiously, and will presently go home and rout out their own attics. But so far only faint echoes of the mystic alchemy of the word "antique" have reached this neck of the woods, and there are pickings. Old jugs and bean pots, for instance, with an occasional scrap of ancient glass; worth ten cents here and ten dollars in the city.

It is getting late. The auctioneer is not hoarse but he is thirsty. Folks are going home; the last of the furniture is suddenly knocked down for next to nothing and the sale is over. Wagons disappear down the road with furniture sticking out all over them; Ford cars

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groan more than usual under unaccustomed loads; husbands loaded with dishpans and crockery are herded home by wives weighed down with pillows and pictures. The auctioneer and clerk retire to the devastated parlor to check their sheets and count their money. It is all there. For some reason that lies close to the soil the people who attend country sales are noticeably honest. The house is bare; the garden is wrecked and dotted with useless purchases which men are afraid to take home to the critical eye of their women folk.

Some folks enjoy the circus, others the prize ring or stock exchange. But for maximum satisfaction I prefer the country sale.

Seashore Architecture

I own a seashore estate. It is all of fifty feet square and it is covered with sand and mortgages. It was washed up by the Atlantic Ocean some centuries ago and lay there unnoticed until some gentlemen from New York saw it with eyes of vision. Then it blossomed like the rose in a prospectus in three colors and I bought it. It still looks exactly as it did before I bought it. But whenever I feel like it I can go down there with my little bucket and shovel and play with my own sand.

In a recent rash moment I thought of building a house on it. If I built a house on it I could live there for a few weeks every summer and talk to the neighbors for the rest of the year about my seashore estate. I could rent it occasionally for enough to repay all costs of building the house and wiping out the mortgages. So I walked up and down the beach, where the by-products of New York life are washed up every day by the tide, until I found an architect. I took him to my sand pile and we wetted our whistle and talked about plans and specifications.

I wanted a simple little house, appropriate to the scene and in harmony with the accepted principles of American seashore architecture. Something not too bizarre nor sufficient to arouse the complaining envy of the neighboring squatters. Just a little seashore home, compact and convenient, cheap, clean and classy.

The architect understood me exactly. He explained that he had designed thousands of such summer homes, hundreds of which were still standing. He would build me a house which incorporated all his experience and every accepted principle of beach architecture.

"We'll make it two and a half stories," he said. "The first floor, of course, will be a sort of cellar, with arrangements for hanging wet bathing suits. Some people like to hang them in the living room, but the best practice is to hang them in the cellar. We'll put in partitions, in case your wife's folks come down for week-ends. With a little care about sex and things like that you could easily sleep sixteen in the cellar. Over in this corner we'll put the refrigerator and a nice big linen closet. The hot water heater will have to go in the attic.

"On the second floor we will arrange for three bedrooms and a living room. The stairs will come up here, through the bathroom. Some people prefer to have the bathroom open off the living room, but I like to have the stairs go through the bathroom. The kitchen, of course, will be on the other side of the house, and you can reach it by going through the two small bedrooms. The kitchen stove will have to be in the main bedroom, because of the chimney.

"We'll put three closets in one of the smaller bedrooms, but the others will have to get along with hooks. I think I can arrange it so that all the doors open at once into this little hallway, and with a very little practice you will be able to get them so jammed together that nobody in the living room can see the kitchen sink. We'll have a shower at the head of the stairs. It's very nice to be able to take a shower just before you enter the dining room, which will be in the space between the second bedroom and the sleeping porch. It will be a nice big porch, four feet by five. You might screen it in, so that the whole family can sleep there on hot nights.

"If you want a garage it will have to go in the attic. You can have a spare bedroom in the attic too, but there's no room for any stairs from the second floor. However, it will be no trouble at all to get around that, after you've been living here a while.

"I don't think we had better put any door on the bathroom. A door that opened out would be a nuisance because the sink has to stand right in front of the doorway and

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there isn't any room for a door to open inward unless you leave out all the usual bathroom furniture. We shall take care, of course, that none of the windows in the house will open and none of the outside doors will shut, and we must leave a few holes in the roof so that the rain will get in and take the wall-paper off. There's no sense in putting wall-paper on unless something can take it off again.

"We'll face the house toward the road and have no windows at all on the side toward the sea. We'll build some outside steps at the back, so that the garbage pail can stand there, but there will be no doors on that side of the house. Doors are expensive, and we have arranged it that the kitchen is on the other side opening on the sleeping porch, so we don't need to have the outside stairs leading to anything but the garbage pail. It's going to be a nice house."

"Is all this in accord with the local building laws and the most up-to-date principles of domestic architecture in these parts?" I asked.

"Absolutely," said he. "I couldn't build a house in any other way and keep my trade. I can do better with three stories, of course, which would give me a chance to work in more bathrooms. But it's a perfect plan as it stands and will give you a seashore home to be proud of."

We finished the bottle and played happily together in the sand for the rest of the afternoon.

Foreign and Domestic News

The paper speaks and yells and shrieks
Of political strife ahead;
And the raucous cries of the wets and dries
On its pages are overspread;
And someone has paddled the Channel,
And someone has circled the pole,
But louder the voice of my cellar,
As it cries for its winter coal.

An actor is dead and a prince is wed,
And a champion drops his crown;
Baseball is done and football begun,
And the market is going down.
And murder is rife, and storm and strife,
And distant war drums roll;
But louder the voice of my furnace,
As it cries for its winter coal.

BULLETIN BOARD
of the Heterogenius Club

Murder at the Manse

An incident of English country life, according to the foremost British detective writers

By R. G. Newman

Harlow, Lord Chukker Claverington's impeccable butler, burst rather more precipitately than was his wont into the ordered neatness of the cheerful breakfast room of Pinkish Towers, my lord's country seat at Upson Downs, Bucks, Hants, in the south of England. The butler's usually imperturbable mien was considerably shaken. Lord Claverington looked up from his breakfast of kidney and bacon, slightly annoyed at this unusual interruption.

"M-m-my lord?"

"Ah there, Harlow."

"M-m-may I speak freely, m'lord?"

"Certainly, Harlow."

"Something rawthaw unusual has occurred, m'lord."

"Damme, get on with it, my man."

"There's something wrong, sir, in the North Tower guestroom, m'lord."

"What is it, Harlow?"

"Mahdah, m'lord."

"Mahdah?"

"Mahdah, m'lord."

"Deuced inconsiderate of these mahderer chaps to disturb one at breakfast. No consideration for a chap's digestion."

"Quite, m'lord."

"Brandeh and the *Times* as usual, Harlow."

"Very good, m'lord."

"And, Harlow."

"M'lord?"

"You might give the local constabulary a ring and communicate with Scotland Yard."

"Very good, m'lord."

"And, Harlow."

"M'lord?"

"Another kidney and a spot of tea, what?"

"Quite, m'lord."

Question: "What is the difference between Realism and Modernism in literature?"

Answer: Realism calls a spade a spade. Modernism tells you what is in the spade.

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